You're Not Alone Anymore

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/14754197.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence, No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Jack Crawford, Chiyoh (Hannibal), Matthew Brown (Hannibal), Alana Bloom, Rinaldo Pazzi, Francis Dolarhyde
Additional Tags:	Cannibalism, Canon-Typical Violence, Murder, Lots of it, Murder Husbands, Murder Kink, Slightly - Freeform, Smut, Fluff, Angst, Domestic Fluff, Hannibal Lecter in Love, Idiots in Love, Will Graham in Love, that is because it's, Stockholm Syndrome, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha Hannibal Lecter, Omega Will Graham, did i mention there is murder, and the fluff, if you want the fluff this is the fic for you, until the Angst happens, there is lots of smut so hey ho, Pining, Mutual Pining, Rape/Non-con Elements, no actual rape but very nearly, don't worry they're okay, No mpreg, Jack is a dick, Hannibal is a dick, Will is not, will is a sweetie, Mating Cycles/In Heat, Heat Sex, hannibal and will in florence, also america, Kidnapping, hannibal is 30ish, will is 20ish, Not Underage, Prison, Isolation, Falling In Love, Protective Hannibal Lecter, Protective Will Graham, Possessive Hannibal Lecter, Il Mostro, tagged rape/non-con as a warning, mild non-con/dubious consent, Dark Will Graham, Choking, Not sexually, Power Bottom Will Graham, lots of murderous thoughts, Matthew Brown/Will Graham (brief), will and chiyoh both being badass
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2018-05-25 Updated: 2020-02-09 Words: 47,138 Chapters: 6/7

You're Not Alone Anymore

by orphan_account

Summary

"You were wild, savage, a *monster*. You killed Matthew in cold blood, and you could've easily killed me. It's not difficult to guess that that's who you really are, that you would be like that wherever you go. A murderer. It only makes sense for you to be a cannibal too."

Will Graham is kidnapped by Hannibal Lecter, who takes him to Florence in the hope that Will can become his mate. Every day is filled with murder and fresh delicacies, the rude plentiful. In their own little world in rainy Italy, they live a happy, domestic life.

But when they kill one too many, the police are given a lead and Jack wants his favourite profiler back. The pair must work together if they ever want to see each other again.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

The door is kicked down with a crash, revealing a boot room and beyond that, a kitchen. The Alpha stalks into it, his sharp sense of smell picking up the tangy scent of the Alpha he is hunting, and the scent of something very human, but tainted somehow.

In the darkness, the sky is not alight with birdsong. Everything lies deathly silent, the absence of fox howls and owl calls weighing upon and increasing the deafening silence.

Through the haze of his rut, Hannibal senses the Alpha bounding towards him before he can see him. His muscles are tense, taut with the expert skill of a patient hunter. The Alpha crashes into the room, flinging the door open and raising his pistol at Hannibal.

But Hannibal was on him already, flinging the gun across the room and pinning the Alpha beneath him, through the haze in his head distantly hears it go off. But the rushing blood in his body, claws itching to slice through flesh and teeth with a need to satiate his dominating bloodlust, focus him – focusing on the task of killing this Alpha.

He tackles his prey to the ground, chairs and ornaments falling around them as they grapple and limbs flail. The Alpha growls and snaps at him as they tumble and wrestle on the floor, using his strength to clock Hannibal in the face before they roll again. Hannibal roars loud and full of rage as he bowls the Alpha beneath him. Distantly, he remembers him being called ‘something’ Brown.

Hannibal had intended to save this man, to kill him only when he deemed appropriate. The man has large, hawkish eyes that disconcert Hannibal, but they would be elegant if they were cooked up in an exotic dish, or simply boiled.

But right now, his brain was filled with the need to fight, to kill off anyone he had already intended to, and he had no control over himself.

Really an Alpha against an Alpha in rut had one sure winner, and the look in Brown’s eyes melted into one of fear, yet still grasping at the shreds of tattered pride even as Hannibal’s snapping jaws neared his throat. Even as he was being pummelled in the stomach by Brown’s flailing legs, he held a firm grip on the Alpha’s forearms. Hannibal leant closer and could smell the warm blood rushing beneath the surface of his skin, beneath his disgusting scent.

Hannibal clamped his fangs into the flesh of the jugular, ripping a gurgling cry of pain and terror from the Alpha beneath him. He snapped his head back, tearing the man’s throat open with flying tissue and a spray of blood from the carotid. The fountain of crimson fluid sprays through the air in a decorative display, drenching Hannibal’s torn suit scarlet.

The Alpha’s blood pools around them, spurting out as he attempts to scream into the still air, only a hoarse whoosh of air audible. His head falls to the side and his eyes stare, unseeing and glassy, face contorted in pain.

The adrenaline rush begins to fade, and the roaring of blood in his ears with it. Through the haze in his head he only hears the click of a gun being reloaded when he had begun to get himself back into control, not the rutting beast looking to kill.

He turns, snarling and snapping only to see a young looking man who appears far more like a boy. The ‘man’ holds a shotgun pointed at Hannibal’s head, a strong determined look in his cerulean eyes even as the weapon shook with the trembling of his hands.

Hannibal was instantly struck by the beauty of the creature standing before him – eyes the colour of a tropical sea, dark mocha coloured curls set messily upon his head, and the dainty features of a boy. The body of an Omega. He had faint stubble gracing his sculpted jawline and a long, slender neck, pale and unmarked. Hannibal’s jaw ticked with the want to sink his fangs into his mating gland.

With the dead Alpha’s blood covering him, and his putrid scent stuck in his nose, Hannibal was unable to distinguish the boy’s scent. With his angelic features and small figure, he was almost certainly Omega. The stirring in his groin and the growing heat in his belly seemed to think so.

“Are you just going to hold that gun to my head all night? It would be extremely rude.”

The Omega huffed out a low growl, “it’s extremely *rude* to barge into someone’s house and kill their boyfriend!”

If Hannibal thought himself low enough to feel such emotion, he would’ve put the feeling bubbling up inside of him to be one akin to jealousy. He blames it on his rut. “Would you rather me knock?” he snarls, before lunging at the Omega, pushing the gun away and lashing out with his feet at the boy’s ankles. He lands with a heavy thump against the flagstones of the kitchen floor. The yelp he lets out is music to Hannibal’s ears.

Hannibal takes advantage of it, hurling himself at the Omega and lobbing the shotgun away. The man brings his arms up, maybe hoping to land a punch but Hannibal is on him, caging him in on the floor. He pins him with his bodyweight and holds the boy still, one hand in his hair, the other clutching at the boy’s hip.

This close, Hannibal can pinpoint the unusual scent to this man. His fragrance is that of grassy fields after it rains, the aroma of crushed juniper berries, and meadows blooming with wildflowers in the midst of spring. Underneath it all lies a hot, fevered sweetness in which the pungent scents of other Alphas and Betas mingle, corrupting the Omega’s beautiful, mouth-watering scent. It’s not even the scent of the Alpha lying dead only a few feet away. A curious thing, to have other humans polluting one’s signature smell, a thing Hannibal has never before come across.

The look of terror in this mysterious creature’s sapphire eyes is endearing, and Hannibal admires and yet is infuriated with the stubbornness of the Omega when he doesn’t submit to him, baring his teeth instead of exposing his neck. Hannibal lowers himself closer still, his nose dipping around the Omega’s head to scent his neck and seek the intriguing fragrance.

The Omega spits at him.

With a roar of fury, Hannibal wrenches the man back with a hand in his luscious hair, spinning him around and slamming him back into the floor. With his head addled with rut, he's all the more furious and sensitive to rudeness, perhaps almost 'trigger-happy'.

He presses his body close to pin down the Omega with his weight, grinding his hips into the other man's ass, seeking some friction against his cock that has been stiff throughout his kill.

He's aware of the distressed whimper the Omega emits, and there is an instinct fighting its way to be heard, to find the cause of the Omega's distress, to comfort. Instead he allows another to wash over him, the instinct which has a firm hand on the reins of his rut. The instinct to take, claim, *mark*.

He rears his head back, fangs bared and mouth salivating, ready to bond the Omega to him.

The sound of car tires on gravel makes its way through the fog in his brain. He stills, ears pricked and jaws closing as he listens intently. His amplified senses allows him to detect the body in the car, the man clambering out and banging the door shut behind him. Hannibal's keen nose tell him it's another Alpha.

He can feel the hormones of his rut beginning to lessen and fade, allowing the adrenaline rush to take over, the rut lingering as a ghost in the shadows.

Hannibal moves fast, reaching a hand up to the Omega's jaw and closes a hand over his mouth, preventing any noise from escaping. The Omega writhes in his grasp, growling and trying to nip at Hannibal's fingers.

The unexpected arrival of the new Alpha has made Hannibal wary, and the curt knock of a gloved first resounds around the house.

The house is silent, and not even the boy beneath him whimpers. It is shattered by another harsh rap at the door.

"Will!" The Alpha's voice is loud and brash, impatient. "Will, it's Jack, I need to speak with you!"

There's a pause.

"Will? Matthew?" The voice is uncertain, confused even, like he wasn't expecting no answer. Another series of knocks at the door.

"I know you're in there – if you don't answer this door right now, I'm coming in whether you like it or not!"

That's all the warning Hannibal needs, lurching up and bringing his hands clamped around the Omega's head down, hard, on the cold flagstones on the ground. He grunts and falls lax towards the floor, limp like the bloody corpse only feet away. Hannibal debates whether he should take the Omega with him or kill him right now. His retreating rut rears its head to remind him of an Alpha's primary need: to take.

The front door is kicked open.

Hannibal hauls ‘Will’s’ body onto his shoulder in a fireman’s lift. He moves swiftly towards the back door, casting a rueful glance at the lifeless body as he leaves. He could’ve made days of fine dining from that Alpha. He was an easy target, and worth it considering how rude and abrasive he was.

Sprinting as fast as he can with a deadweight of a man on his back, Hannibal doesn’t cast a glance back at the house as he flees. Not even when he hears a howl and the Alpha screaming Will’s name in the distance.

Hannibal doesn’t know the woods he is sprinting through, but he hazards a guess the other Alpha doesn’t either. He doesn’t pay attention to where his feet are taking him, or the branches clutching at their clothes as they whiz past. He focusses on using enough energy to be fast enough over a long distance, confident in his stamina.

He jogs through clearings, across streams and thickets of shrubbery. Everything looks silver in the moonlight, except from the blood on his hands that are stained a dark, bottomless black.

He stops when he reaches a small river, wading through to lose his scent and washing off some blood before following it into a small town. Every door is bolted shut, shutters blocking windows and only slivers of yellow light peeping out from under them.

There’s a phone box adjacent to the post office and he steps in, cautiously placing Will onto the floor beside him. Picking up the phone, he dials a number before slumping against the glass walls. With the adrenaline gone and rut pushed into the back of his mind, Hannibal realises how exhausted he is. The phone is picked up on the third ring.

“Hello?”

Hannibal lets out a relieved sigh, rubbing his eyes with his free hand.

“I need a favour, Chiyoh.”

*

Will’s body is lax, jetlagged and tranquilized when he is lifted into the bed, blankets smothered with Hannibal’s scent accommodating the sleeping body Hannibal bundles them around. His hand comes up to Will’s head, smoothing the messy curls there and trailing down to his face. Fingertips trace Will’s cheekbones, the long bridge of his nose, and those full rosy lips.

Hannibal bends and hovers his face above Will’s, merely inches apart. He brings his head close to his neck, breathing in Will’s scent: the fresh aroma of a spring meadow, of elderflower and juniper. Hannibal parts his jaws, letting the beautiful scent wash over his palette and takes a vast lungful, almost absorbing the fragrance deep into himself. With his

rut gone, he can appreciate the mouth-watering scent of the Omega without the instinctual need to clamp his fangs into the tender flesh of Will's neck and bond them together. Instead, he basks in the delightful fragrance that washes over him with each inhale.

The odd, mixed scent of the other people had faded with each passing moment, letting Will's own scent become stronger, fresher. There is only a wisp of it left behind, and Hannibal means to ask what had poisoned his scent into becoming that mismatched jigsaw when he wakes.

After a few moments of nirvana from the Omega's scent, he rights himself and reaches into the bulky medicine bag, removing a syringe, he uncaps it and flicks it. He then takes it to Will's wrist, inserting it and pushing the plunger, watching the syringe empty itself of its contents.

It will be at least six more hours until the tranquilizer wears off, giving Hannibal enough time to hunt and bring home food for the next few meals. He takes the medicine bag with him, and as he reaches the door he looks back at Will.

He lies there, sheets pulled up to his chest and over his arms, looking dwarfed by the large bed of the guest room. His face is relaxed and he looks far younger in sleep than he really is, looking much more peaceful and calm than Hannibal assumes his personality to be.

From the very brief conversation they had had – if you could even call it a conversation – Hannibal had seen Will to be stubborn and fierce, not at all like the ordinary, everyday Omega that society had deemed desirable. And Hannibal could already feel himself being drawn to Will, slumbering like Sleeping Beauty that he is now.

Chiyoh had put in tremendous effort into getting them both here, so the least Hannibal could do is put up with Will's presence for a little while longer. Once Will's true colours shine bright, Hannibal could decide whether or not to cook him up or keep him. Until then, he would begin to feed Will oysters and other flavoursome delicacies to fatten him up and sweeten the flavour of his meat. To prepare him for Judgement Day.

His gaze must be unreadable – a mixture of fondness and budding curiosity bordering doubt as his eyes feast on the boy sleeping before him, like a monk worshipping an angelic deity.

Hannibal shuts the door behind him quietly, locking Will's bedroom and all the outside doors when he leaves, not needing an overcoat in the still humid autumn. The European streets are busy, and Hannibal will have plenty of choice from all the pigs out there, after all the hustle and bustle of city life makes people rude.

*

One Week Later

Winter rain patters on the clay roof tiles of Florence, dribbling down drainpipes and gutters, pooling in the brims of large hats or dripping off umbrellas. It sticks to woolly coats and fluffy scarves, and making dog fur glisten with dewy beads of moisture.

A raindrop lands on Hannibal's cigarette, extinguishing it from where he leans over the balcony and people-watches the crowds below him. He drops it into the ashtray by his foot, clasping both his hands together as his elbows rest on the stone rails and he tilts his body forwards.

He does not mind the rain, made apparent by his damp shirt clinging to his thick biceps, and his waistcoat stretched taut at his shoulders. His slacks stick to his legs, outlining muscled thighs and calves. A raindrop lands in his eye and he straightens, slicking his hair back into place with the water.

He checks his watch on his wrist, noting that he's been outside for nearly twelve minutes. He heads back inside, locking the door behind him.

He enters the living room, seeing a figure curled up against the arm of the sofa. With the light from several lamps dotted around the room and the window directly behind him, Will looks angelic, a halo of alluring rich brown curls messily framing his sleeping face, red lips parted and relaxed while his delicate hands lie on the book in his lap.

At the sound of the door opening and closing, Will jerks awake and groggily meets Hannibal's gaze from across the room. He looks away with a stubborn frown before his eyes unwillingly wander back to Hannibal. They skim down his frame, taking in the broad, muscular torso, exposed forearms, trim waist and athletic legs. He brings his eyes up, noticing Hannibal watching him and they dart away again, this time with the shadow of a blush on his cheeks when he turns his head away.

Hannibal smirks, an amused, smug warmth in his chest.

He sits adjacent to Will in a worn, antique armchair, picking up a leather bound sketchpad, smooth graphite pencil and scalpel cut to a point before reclining in a feline way. He flips to a new page, balances the sketchpad on the armrest and begins to sketch out the muse before him.

At the sound of a pencil scratching away and the heavy weight of a stare on him, Will waits a few minutes, stock still, before he looks up and deliberately shifting positions so that his back is to Hannibal, feet tucked behind him on the cushions, a book flipped open in his hands.

Hannibal huffs out a breath, irritated at this charming Omega defying him constantly. Luckily Hannibal has patience.

He leaves the sketchpad where it is, and fiddles with the scalpel in his hands. He flips and spins it, weaving it through the fingers of one hand only to be passed on and do the same on the other. All the while, he looks at Will. He takes in the lithe curve of Will's back, long fingers clasped around the pages of his book, and the pearly white skin exposed at the back of

his neck. His legs twitch with a want to move closer, fingers restless with restrained energy when he dreams of holding the boy's head in his hands while he scents him, or when he bites him.

He pulls himself from his thoughts, not wanting to pop an erection in front of Will from his inappropriate fantasies. He files it away for later in his memory palace.

"Will, could you turn to face me please." It is phrased a question, but the dip in Hannibal's tone mean no arguing, voice on the verge of growling.

The man in question doesn't move, ignoring Hannibal and flipping a page in his book.

Hannibal growls in warning, a deep timbre of a noise, a trick Alphas could use in the presence of a disobeying mate. Will stiffens, the book flopping from his hands onto his lap and the hair on the back of his neck raises. Not completely immune to Hannibal, but he still doesn't acknowledge him.

"I will not ask you again, Will."

He takes an audible gasp at the sound of Hannibal's rough voice, and his muscles seem to tense even more than they already had. Hannibal suspects him to be blushing. But a wave of tantalizing pheromones are released and ripple out towards Hannibal, and yet Will still does not move. Hannibal ponders that he is the human embodiment of stubbornness.

Placing the scalpel amongst the sketchpad and pencil, he gets up from his chair, Hannibal pounces on the Omega, spinning him round and taking his wrists in a bruising grip and holding them against the back of the sofa, kneeing his legs apart as he curls his body over Will. He smells distinctly of fear, and maybe the early stirrings of arousal.

Hannibal's grin is feral when he brings his head close to Will, seeing a flash of something – terror, maybe – in his beautiful eyes, or perhaps fury, and he longs to rip them out and serve them as a delicacy to both of them. The dish would taste just as magnificent as the Omega himself.

"Do you know what I could do if you offend me, Will?"

Will swallows loud enough to click his throat, eyes darting around the room as he looks anywhere but Hannibal. His breathing is becoming faster than it should be, and the artery in his neck pulses as his heartbeat edges close to erratic. The smell of warm blood is alluring, and Hannibal's craving to lean in and sink his teeth into his gorgeous neck grows ever stronger. He restrains himself, bringing his mouth close to Will's ear instead.

"I know every pressure point where I could kill you with one touch, just how much I would need to apply to your windpipe to suffocate you, how hard I would have to strike your ears to cause internal bleeding in the brain," he nips at Will's earlobe, the man jerking back a little way from Hannibal. He smirks.

"Or perhaps you should have a long, painful death. I could simply take a knife to your stomach and watch your life drain from your body. I could cut off your flesh bit by bit until I

can scatter your remains like I would salt, or perhaps" he reaches out to bring the scalpel close to Will's neck, applying pressure to where it rests against a vein, revelling in the cut-off gasp drawn out from the boy whose life rests in his hands. "I could simply watch you crawl closer and closer to death, with each drop of blood expelled from your body."

Hannibal shifts, feeling Will's adrenaline-roused erection pressing into his thigh. He scents the air, smelling the slickness between Will's thighs. He grins, bringing his teeth down to graze them over Will's mating gland, earning him a shudder and gasp from him.

Will arches as well as he can into the touch with the blade at his neck, groaning. A chuckle makes its way from Hannibal, and his head jerks. He clears his throat, drawing in a shallow, shuddering breath. "Or maybe you'll peel my organs away from my body and serve them to both of us?"

Hannibal stills, hopefully concealing his shock with a neutral expression. He brings his head back to stare into those ocean eyes. They look back at him, clear and sure, not clouded with inaccurate judgement.

His grip on the scalpel falters and loosens.

"In this week you've had me here, twice you've gone out in the evenings and not come back till early morning. The news headlines only a few hours after are all of Il Mostro and his murders, and on the same day and days after you cook some extravagant meals with meat that sometimes I've never heard of before."

His voice deepens, a rough growl slipping in as he speaks, "Hannibal, I saw you on the night you came to my house. You were wild, savage, a *monster*. You killed Matthew in cold blood, and you could've easily killed me. It's not difficult to guess that that's who you really are, that you would be like that wherever you go. A murderer. It only makes sense for you to be a cannibal too."

Will leans forward, glaring up into the amber eyes above him, holding his stare for possibly the longest time Hannibal has kept him here. Hannibal holds his determined, unwavering eye contact, marvelling at this beautiful creature who has this quick, stubborn mind. If dissected, Hannibal has no doubt his brain will be the most beautiful thing he has ever seen.

Hannibal takes a breath to reply, but Will cuts him off quickly. "I did work as a criminal profiler before, you know."

Ah. Interesting.

"I don't doubt you are a magnificent profiler," Will's eyes flash, "but are you perfectly sure I would feed you the flesh of your own kind? Where is your proof?" Hannibal snarls. "Or did you just create that fable to convince yourself that your captor is far worse in the present than he was in his rut?"

Will speaks again, voice a lower growl, filled with fury. Dangerous. "I let my mind work away. Let the pendulum swing. I saw you, *Hannibal*," he spits out, anger bubbling in his voice, "You are a monster. Nothing more than that. Nothing less. You have no regard for

human life, being the cold-blooded killer you are. *Tasteless*. You are nothing but a savage, cruel, *monster*."

Young body strong and fast, he wrenches his arms free, slapping Hannibal square across the face with surprising force. Falling onto his heels Hannibal sits there, stunned. Scalpel discarded and forgotten as it clatters against the floor. He brings his hand to his nose, watching his hand come away coated in blood. He feels nothing but shock, and pleasant surprise.

Will rights himself on the sofa, crouching now. He says frozen, eyes wide and alarmed. He doesn't run, just sits there. Silent.

"How do you do it, Will?"

Flinching at the gentleness in Hannibal's tone, Will wrings his hands, clasping them together as if he were afraid of them.

He brings his eyes away from Hannibal's to focus on the floorboards and chews his lip nervously. "T- The photos. The articles. I only have to profile Il Mostro so that I can allow myself, can see myself–" He cuts his hesitant rambling off, biting his tongue to stop anything slipping out that Hannibal could further exploit. He's let out too much already. He is walking on thin ice now.

There's a beat of tense silence.

"What do you see, Will? As the killer?" Again, Hannibal's voice is soft, coaxing Will to speak.

Hannibal steps up from the floor and crouches on the floor next to the frightened Omega, careful not to overwhelm him. He keeps a hold on one of Will's wrists, rubbing his own over it, scenting him in a soothing gesture.

Will takes a deep breath, letting his head loll back in defeat. Hannibal would probably know soon enough anyway. "The pendulum lets me see. Empathy. I hunt these people down, for… for upsetting me. Angering me. They are low, like animals, but I can elevate them to artwork. I just have to kill them, and use their bodies as my canvas." A pause. More avoiding eye contact. "Your canvas."

He sighs, head turning away, unconsciously allowing Hannibal to roam his gaze along the column of his throat. "Besides, you left me a message in each one."

The silence stretches between them, Will nervously meeting Hannibal's eyes when it prolongs. They show his anxiety and perhaps fright all too clearly, but when he looks into Hannibal's he sees only awe and stunned… *admiration*.

Hannibal breaks from his trance, standing and pushing his hair back. They could talk about this again, but he can sense Will's reluctance to do so. He himself is keen to learn of what is hidden beneath Will's calm composure, and the possibilities it holds.

He hauls himself up, lingering for a moment, eyes on Will's shoes, head swimming with thoughts and hands clasped tightly together before speaking. Voice slightly hoarse. "I will clean myself up, but would you like a coffee, Will?"

*

That night, Hannibal goes out to hunt. This time, he doesn't choose his prey like he usually does, just seduces an Omega woman into an alley with him before snapping her neck. The disembowelment is careless, with Hannibal's distracted mind it doesn't become the most intriguing crime scene, it is simple and brutal. Messy.

The Omega's heart is left intact, with all other organs in the torso removed. Her arms are clutching at her heart, lying back on the floor she has been stretched out on. The skin around her eyes has been removed and peeled back, exposing the glistening red surrounding her eyes. The message is clear: the killer's heart has been awoken, it now belongs to someone.

The next morning, Hannibal unlocks Will's bedroom to see him staring intently at the TV screen where a news reporter is announcing the new murder. Mind clearer Hannibal can see it is sloppy and some have their suspicions that this is not Il Mostro but the work of a gang or a vengeful Alpha.

Will does not look at him, and Hannibal knows his message has been communicated across to him like he hoped it would. Hannibal takes a seat next to him on the foot of his bed and they sit watching the news until it finishes.

Will breaks the silence. "It was messy, rushed – you're not going to get credit for that."

No matter. The message is what's important. Will can see that, Hannibal knows. Will can see *him*, too. Now that Will's true colours have been revealed, his potential, he is too good to let go. Hannibal has found someone that can see him, someone that has that same darkness within them.

And he is beginning to fall in love, something that was always unthinkable to him, yet it is happening.

Fuck the meals, this boy is a keeper.

"At least the message got across in the intended way."

Will says nothing, tucking his knees under his chin and staring blankly into space.

His expression is unreadable, so Hannibal leaves him to brood. He heads to the kitchen and cooks up breakfast for both of them, using the meat he had acquired last night. It doesn't take long, and soon he is carrying two plates into Will's bedroom. He sets them on the table and pulls out a chair for himself.

“Ham steaks with Gruyère cheese, bacon and mushrooms, Will.”

Without a word, Will uncurls and takes the seat from across from Hannibal. He picks up the knife and fork, cuts into the flesh and takes a bite. He meets Hannibal’s gaze, holding it throughout. His aqua eyes are full of certainty, and daring. Hannibal watches the muscles in his pale throat contract and swallow.

“Delicious.”

Hannibal’s grin is wolfish.

*

Throughout the week they had spent together in Florence, Will had been kept confined to the house, locked in with no means of escape. Hannibal had kept the keys with him, and been with him nearly all the time Will had spent outside of his room. They were in a foreign country, and with no phone, no money and unable to speak Italian, Hannibal was not convinced Will would attempt to escape. Not when a cannibalistic Alpha would chase him down.

But after he had challengingly stared Hannibal in the eye while fully aware he was eating remnants of his own kind served on his plate, Hannibal escorts him into the city for the first time since they had been in Florence.

It’s sunny for the first time in weeks, even if it is blowing a gale. The wind howls and batters shop fronts, biting the face of people in the streets with its icy wrath. The majority of them are huddled up inside coffee shops, scurrying outside with coats pulled tight only when they need to.

Despite the chill in his bones, Will stands in an empty square, marvelling at the sights of the new city that he hadn’t realized was so beautiful. Staring at red rooves out of windows doesn’t allow much imagination. He is still, ocean eyes wide with awe as he takes in the sights. Wrapped up mostly in Hannibal’s clothes, the icy wind has whipped up a pink glow on his cheeks, a lovely tint of colour against the blacks and greys of the dull clothes.

Hannibal stands a few feet away, watching Will marvel at the first sights of Florence, watching his hair tousle from the gale and beautiful rosy cheeks bright in the sunlight. A dazed smile sits upon his lips, and Hannibal can smell the excitement rippling out from him in waves. The fond feeling in his chest has become all the more frequent in the time he spends with Will, and the growing affection for him is welcomed happily.

It’s only when the Omega shivers and pulls the large coat tighter around him that Hannibal is struck by a thought. He shrugs off his own overcoat and slings it around Will’s shoulders, bundling him up in a cocoon of warmth and Hannibal’s scent. Will throws him a tight, fleeting smile of gratitude over his shoulder and clasps it shut on top of the other coat.

Hannibal's coat. He is struck with the realization that only the shoes on his feet and possibly his underwear belong to Will.

"Come, Will." Will turns, and Hannibal throws his arm over his shoulders and tucks him close. Will grunts and attempts to wriggle out of Hannibal's grasp, only to be reeled in tighter. He huffs, but give in nonetheless.

Hannibal's long strides are matched by Will's quick ones, and they hurry along the roads, Will slowing to admire little things before Hannibal tugs him away again. Hannibal is amused by it all, even if it *should* be too domestic for his liking.

After several minutes of walking, Hannibal steers them into a little courtyard and towards a shop tucked away beneath the skeleton of a wisteria bush, with a sign reading Tailors above the door. They enter, aroma light with expensive incense, lights bright and stuffy heat swelling around them. The room is large, stuffed to the brim yet looking tidy and posh all at once. There are a handful of manikins dressed in sharp suits dotted throughout the room, cases and shelves filled with cloth line the walls, bookcases and sofas opposite. A young Beta dressed in a charcoal waistcoat and yellow tape measure looped around his neck looks up from his place from behind the counter at the ringing of the bell.

"Buongiorno!" The Beta smiles, taking in their windswept appearances, Hannibal in his suit and Will stuffed in his layers. "You are here for a fitting?"

Hannibal drags Will towards the man, tugging the various coats off him even while Will grumbles. "It would be greatly appreciated if you can take Will's measurements."

"Please. This way."

The man enters a fitting room, holding open the curtain for Will when he removes his jumper. Hannibal steps forward, stopping at the Beta's raised eyebrow. He closes the curtain behind him, angling his body out of politeness to give Will a little privacy. Will casts him an amused but frustrated glance before holding his arms out and the tailor begins his measurements, jotting them down on a notepad.

The Beta then pulls a platform up, asking Will to step up. He begins with the waist, and pushes Will's legs apart slightly to take another measurement. Hannibal only just suppresses a growl at the Beta. Even if it is the way measurements are taken. His fingers begin to tap against his leg and his jaw ticks, seeing Will smirking slightly in the mirrors.

Soon, the measurements are done and they choose shirts and a suit for Will, posh trousers and shoes too. All the while, Hannibal has a firm grip on Will's arm, holding him close, possessively. Will makes no attempt to remove himself from his grasp, making the Alpha within him swell with pleasure.

When Hannibal writes out a cheque they exit, arranging for the things to be delivered. Once outside they begin to walk, Will wearing both of Hannibal's coats again.

"You shouldn't have done that, you know. Spending all that money on me, buying those… pretentious clothes." Will mumbles, staring at the floor.

“And why is that?”

“Most of my clothes are second hand, even if they’re new they’re a good few years old. Comfier that way.” Hannibal passes Will a glance, looking at the ancient, faded brown leather Oxfords, that clash with Hannibal’s baggy shirt and slacks. The clothes that Will had been wearing when Hannibal had dragged him from his home – a faded red and white flannel and worn jeans – had been worn time and time again until they began to smell and Will gave in to Hannibal’s persistence to wear his clothes.

“You did look much better than you do now when you wore that navy suit. It emphasizes the blueness in the stroma of your iris, and matching your complexion. Besides, I am happy to be spending money on you. It really is my pleasure.”

Will scratches his head, only acknowledging the possessive comment with a scowl. “You could’ve just said it made your eyes look pretty. You need to work on your pick up lines, Hannibal.” He smirks slightly, picking up his pace and striding ahead. Hannibal wonders if Will’s stubbornness was a temporary thing or not. He watches Will intently, muscles taut and ready if he needs to sprint after him.

The street is not even busy, and yet the few people walking alongside them manage to barge past, altogether rude. One large man shouting into his phone is practically running, knocking Will face first onto the pavement with his bulky body, not even stopping to see if he is okay. Hannibal’s at his side in an instant.

“Will, are you okay, did you–”

Blood.

There is blood on Will’s palms and chin, rips in Hannibal’s slacks on the knees from where he skidded slightly. Blood visible through the tears. Gravel clots Will’s bloody palms, some falling from his chin when he swats at it. Hannibal hasn’t the time to appreciate the gorgeous scarlet erupting from his skin, instead feeling boundless rage at someone hurting his Omega.

He pulls Will up and into his arms, making him stand on tiptoe when Hannibal pulls him close, checking his face with soft hands. Will bats them away, chuckling weakly.

“I’m fi– calm down, I’m fine. It’s just a few scrapes.”

Hannibal growls, tucking him close under his arm as they follow the man, now in the distance. If they lose him, Hannibal will still be able to pick up his scent so he takes his time, letting Will lean on him to ease his limping. His weight and closeness are comforting, reassuring Hannibal’s increasingly worrisome personality.

They nip into a café where they buy a small coffee, using the bathroom to clean Will up. Hannibal won’t let it get infected, even if the chances of that happening are next to none.

Will chugs the coffee, and they walk in silence as they follow the scent of the man, the rude Beta.

“So is that how you choose them? The rude ones?”

Hannibal glances at Will tucked into his side from his bruising grip. Possessive, he realizes. His grip loosens slightly, for his own or Will’s benefit he is unsure.

“It does not matter to me. The meat is a delicacy, as long as I am able to procure the meat, it does not deter me from where it comes from. I do try my best choosing ones without families, but most of the time rudeness cannot be ignored.”

They walk on, conversation lulling with the dimming of the sky.

Eventually, the scent leads them to a small, wonky house on the corner of a quiet street. Hannibal begins to walk towards the gate, Will slipping from his arms, standing there clutching the coats around him, shifting from foot to foot, nervous, vulnerable. Hannibal forces his instincts telling him to comfort away.

“Will.”

He looks up when his name is called, eyes glinting in the lamplight.

“You do not have to take part. You may just wait outside you prefer.” Hannibal goes to him, standing close enough so Will has to bend his neck to look up into his eyes. “But know this; if you even attempt to run away I will know. I can track you if you run, I will be able to find you anywhere you try to run to.”

Will sucks in a breath, Hannibal staring into his those pure eyes, marvelling at the way they darken like the night sky.

“I am a good hunter, Will.”

With that, he turns, pleased with his dramatic exit. He circles the end-terrace house, scenting it, determining that only the Beta is present. He arrives at a window set low in the wall. There are no lights within the room. Hannibal bashes it in, hauling himself through, landing on silent toes in a feline manner.

He has landed in an office, and there is light beneath the door opposite him. He stalks across the room, cautious of creaking floorboards and cluttered furniture. He can hear the man on the other side, close, sat watching a quiet television programme. Hannibal checks to see if the door between them is locked – it isn’t.

Hannibal wrenches the door open, eyes immediately flying to the stunned man lounging on his sofa. He leaps, tackling him to the ground with a ferocious roar. He lets the contained anger release, the cracked dam finally giving way to the vast pressure of anger behind it.

He is furious at this man who harmed his Omega. His jaws snap wildly and claws scrape at the man’s eyes. They grapple on the floor, the Beta’s bulk and apparent skill in fighting being the only reason why he isn’t already dead. He tries reaching for a dinner knife on an old plate, Hannibal knocking it away and not caring where it lands. They twist and turn, the Beta

landing a kick to Hannibal's groin while Hannibal brings his fist in an uppercut to the man's jaw, making him spurt a satisfying load of blood from his mouth.

Hannibal eventually pulls himself to straddle the Beta and dislocates the man's arms to stop his flailing. The man's cry of agony is music to his ears. He stands slowly and reaches for the nearby bookcase, pulling it close before toppling it. He pulls with all his strength and despite the Beta's struggling, it lands square on his head and neck with a sickening crunch.

Hannibal rights himself, chest heaving, looking down at the blood he is covered in; his mixed with the Beta's. A beat passes and he looks up to see Will standing there, dumbfounded. They stare at each other from across the room, air tense between them.

Will moves slow and cautiously as if he were approaching a scared animal, moving around the fallen bookcase, the dead body. He crouches, picking up the discarded knife with trembling hands and advances toward Hannibal. Hannibal expects the weapon to be used on him.

Instead, Will faces the corpse, kneeling and bringing the knife to its stomach. He uses the blunt knife to saw a gash into the man, turning back to Hannibal and tugging his sleeve so he drops to his knees so that they are side by side. He passes the knife to Hannibal, who removes the heart, lungs and kidneys with steady, precise hands.

Hannibal gazes into Will's eyes, seeing only a thin ring of cerulean due to his largely dilated pupils. He knows his are the exact same.

Will looks beautiful like this, drenched with the blood of Hannibal's kill. Crimson is a good colour on him, appearing stunningly vicious and deadly. A worthy Omega for an Alpha such as Hannibal.

Newspapers and paper bags are found, used to wrap up the organs like gifts. The knife and fleshy, cooling organs are pocketed and they wash up enough so as not to look overly suspicious before leaving, taking care not to leave tell-tale clues anywhere. Hannibal knows he has been sloppy with this kill, not scouting for security cameras or peeping neighbours before slaughtering the pig, but even a fleeting glance at the glow in Will's eyes is worth whatever punishment may befall him.

Hannibal pokes his head through the bashed out window, scanning the coast before hoisting Will through and hops out after. They clamber out, Will landing stealthily on the ground despite his injured knees, catching Hannibal's arm when he jumps, landing and slipping. Will removes it as quickly as he placed it there after ensuring he has his footing, striding off immediately. Hannibal follows, the burning in his muscles from Will's touch a pleasant ache.

They've been walking for nearly an hour, Hannibal refusing to slip up because of an irrational fear that someone may be following them as he leads them through the winding back roads and alleyways, detouring when he deems necessary, shushing Will's protests.

Soon enough, Hannibal is unlocking the apartment door and immediately heads to the fridge, storing the meat there before it spoils. He pivots, retracing his steps into the living room finding Will leaning his back up against the door. His eyes are closed, lashes brushing his

cheekbones, head lolled back on his shoulders. His arms are folded together, hands clutched on the sleeves of Hannibal's coat.

Hannibal approaches him slowly with measured steps, standing a metre or so away. Will is shaking, his knees weak and strength leaving him. His breathing is calm, even though Hannibal can hear his deep, shuddering breaths. Hannibal's Alpha instincts resurface, and he moves to calm him.

Will's eyes fly open when strong arms encircle him, reeling him in to be flush against Hannibal's chest. He struggles slightly before caving into his exhaustion, falling against Hannibal. He leans into him, letting the Alpha comfort him, dimly feeling a hand come up to clutch the back of his head.

Hannibal pulls the Omega nearer until they are impossibly close, so close they might melt or diffuse into each other. Vaguely Hannibal thinks that wouldn't be a bad way to go. He nuzzles into Will's neck, breathing in the sweet scent of the man who is leading him a trail of breadcrumbs into a trap he won't be able to escape. Hannibal will follow them gladly, allowing himself to be snared, heart and soul by this Omega.

They stand like that for what seems like an eternity to them, clutching at each other like their lives depend on it. It is an embrace of need, comfort, and newly kindled love.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

(WARNING. There is very mild non-con early in the chapter.)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will wakes to sunlight shining through a crack in the curtains, blaring right into his face. He groans, throwing an elbow over his eyes and shuffling in his bed so that he's lying face down with his arm dangling lazily over the side of the mattress, as if testing for currents on a sailing boat. He lies there contentedly with the sun warming his back with its early morning light. Will gets a good sniff of something delicious cooking, the smell slowly infiltrating its way in from beneath the door. If he strains his ears he can hear Hannibal shuffling about in the kitchen, bringing a smile to his face. It's all very domestic, he ponders, and yet the guy just killed someone a couple of days ago.

Hannibal killed that man because he had hurt Will. And Will doesn't quite know far Hannibal would go if something happened again. Or if he could stop him.

As if in a trance, Will clambers out of bed and pulls on the first sweater he can find from the floor. He distantly realizes the scent clinging to it belongs to Hannibal, but pays no attention to it. The scent is thick, smelling of pine, the metallic tang of rust, smoky fire, the pheromones reacting with Will's brain to make him feel calm and protected. He ignores it.

He stumbles downstairs, still half asleep, with a slow reaction time and dulled senses.

"Good morning, Will. I –"

Hannibal doesn't finish his sentence, which he's never done before. He considers it rude. Will looks up groggily to meet the Alpha's gaze on him from behind the kitchen island.

Hannibal is stood, hand clutched around a whisk in a large bowl of something. Pancake batter from the smell of it. He's wearing his apron around his front, slacks and a white shirt taut across his chest with the sleeves rolled up, exposing muscly forearms. Will tells himself the reason his mouth goes dry is dehydration.

But Hannibal's face is frozen, eyes roaming Will's body, lips parted and fringe falling in his face. He takes in Will's sleepy state, fingers tightening on the hand whisk when he puffs his chest out and begins to stir again. A fresh wave of strong Alpha pheromones drift over to Will, and he unwillingly takes lungfuls of them, the scent speeding his heartrate and subconsciously emits some Omega ones in return.

Will is confused, and he stands for a moment, then shaking his head and walking to a barstool. There's a mirror parallel to him, and he catches himself in the reflection. Oh.

He's wearing one of Hannibal's woolly sweaters, a grey patterned one, which comes down halfway along his thighs, his own faded blue boxer shorts peeking out. His hair is more of a mussed tangle of curls in the morning, and right now is no different. His eyes are groggy with sleep but he can smugly appreciate why he made Hannibal buffer; he looks simply debauched.

Hannibal is leaning against the kitchen counter opposite him, eyes fixed on the Omega. His muscles are tense, and his knuckles are white from his vice grip on the whisk handle. He stirs the mixture a few more times before turning, spooning some out into the frying pan on the hob. It sizzles and he pokes it, making it hiss before calming. Each one of his muscles is tense and straining with his concentration, sweat begins to form on the back of his neck and Will knows even without looking that his nostrils are flared wide. Perhaps his pupils blown wide with lust.

He brings over a pot of coffee and two mugs, pouring one out for Will and one for himself. He has it black, Will the same, taking a sip of it but burning his tongue. He sticks it out, attempting to alleviate the pain with the cool air, and Hannibal's smile is amused but tight.

He leans against the kitchen island opposite Will and meets his eyes for the first time that morning. In the morning sun they glow bright and golden, like the colour of fresh honeycomb, flecked with red. His pupils are enlarged, deep pools of darkness blown wide in Will's presence. His eyelids droop slightly, heavy with sleep. His jaws are parted, letting the thick scent of Will wash over him from their closeness. The normally slicked back hair is untamed, falling over his brow and hanging in his eyes like curtains. If it wasn't for the obvious desire he would look quite soft in the morning.

Hannibal leans closer again, not attempting to make his actions discreet at all. His face is inches away from Will's own. Only the kitchen island separates them. He knows he has Will's rapt attention, and tilts his neck in a way that doesn't expose his neck, doesn't submit, but lets his scent hang thick in the air between them. He watches Will's cheeks flush, muscles in his neck contract as he swallows and casts his eyes away from Hannibal's own.

Will is suffocating. He is surrounded by the thick scent of Hannibal all around him. It invades his throat, choking him with its pleasant, rich aroma, seeping into him. He can feel himself getting all the more flustered around Hannibal, *aroused*. He clenches his thighs together on the barstool, willing himself to calm down. He can see Hannibal smirking at him from the corner of his eye before he stands and heads back over to the oven. Will heaves in lungfuls of fresh air, Hannibal thankfully taking his distracting scent with him. He relaxes slightly, relief bubbling within him.

Discreetly, he rubs his eyes and shakes his head as if he could get the pressing scent of Hannibal to tumble from high in his nose where it lingers. Willing the thoughts of how much he had wanted him to lean closer, how tempted he was to give in to his instincts to bare his neck and demand for teeth to sink into his flesh and all other lustful thoughts to disappear. He growls at himself inwardly, telling himself it's his Omegan instincts that are making him react so differently to this Alpha than any others. If he was honest with himself, he's not sure.

A plate of pancakes are slid in front of him, with half a lemon, a jar of sugar and a bottle of maple syrup.

“Thank you,” he mutters, “they look delicious.” He is surprised with how rough his voice is, clearing it several times. He takes the fork from Hannibal’s hand, skin on fire when their fingers brush, blood rising to his cheeks in a bloom of colour.

The thin pancakes are gone within a few minutes, bellies filled and satisfied. They stand to clean up the dishes, lounging against the counters as the water warms and fills the sink.

Will takes his place at the sink, elbow deep in suds and soap when he washes the pan. Hannibal steps into his space, coming up close to Will when he takes it from his hand, Will feeling the warmth of his body radiate onto him. Hannibal turns, drying the pan down with a tea towel before hooking it onto a hook hanging from the ceiling and steeping close to Will again.

His hands begin to shake as his heart quickens, Will’s grip on the plates tight so they don’t fall. His Omega instincts are screaming at him to call Hannibal to him, to let his Alpha take care of him. Hannibal appears at his back again as if psychic, or maybe he can detect something shift in Will’s scent. He takes the plate from him, only an inch separating them this time. He reaches his arm around Will, making contact with him ‘accidentally’ before turning away again.

Will shudders, heart pounding and instincts howling. He holds out a plate when Hannibal is at his back again, body pressed flush against Will’s. His hot breath brushes Will’s ear when he speaks in a low purr.

“William…”

Will reaches for a teacup, his grip tight.

Hannibal drags his fangs along the side of Will’s neck, teeth trailing along his skin, leaving flushed red marks in their wake. He lets his fangs nibble on Will’s skin for a while, moving up to focus his attention on his jaw.

Clenching his teeth, Will scrunches his eyes shut and locks his muscle in place to be stock still. He regulates his breathing, slowing his pulse down in an attempt to calm.

“What’s the matter, dear Will? Trying to repel me by *pretending* you’re uninterested? You would most certainly have to try harder than that for me to even consider whatever you’re asking.” Hannibal breathes his words into Will’s ear, feeling the muscles tense through Will’s clothes. Will stands ramrod straight, all thoughts of arousal forgotten with the monster breathing down his neck.

Hannibal licks under his jaw with a flicking action, seeking his scent. Will is reminded of a lizard. “Darling. You want this just as much as I do. Why don’t you smell yourself if you have your doubts?” His slimy voice is filled with lust, dark monster within speaking out.

You would most certainly have to try harder than that.

Will spins round quickly, dislodging Hannibal’s grip from him, barely glancing into shocked eyes with his own steely ones. Typical Omega gone, Stubborn Will takes control. His arms

are still behind him, he grips the cup harder to ground himself. And swings.

The sound seems to happen first. A loud porcelain shatter. Then the teacup falls around them in pieces. Hannibal shoves himself back, yelping, clutching at his head. The handle of the teacup is left in Will's hand.

A drop of blood makes its way down Hannibal's forehead.

The air crackles with tension between them, the two men regarding each other warily from across the room. Will throws the handle away from him onto the floor where it lands with a little clang. He leans back against the sink, ready to reach for a knife if he needs to. Hannibal simply stares at him from beneath the cages of his hands. His posture is relaxed, unthreatening. His eyes are locked on Will, who avoids their pressing gaze, certain he'll see the monster again. He doesn't want to be prey for that any longer than he has to.

Will ignores the surge of emotions within him, choosing to study the floor instead. He watches Hannibal's sock covered feet edge towards him. His hand lowers and moves towards Will slowly, as if frightened to startle him.

When their skin makes contact it's as if an electrical current has been passed through Will's body. He jerks back, only to press back into the touch of Hannibal's fingers on his chin. Another hand comes up to card through Will's hair and hold him close. Hannibal ducks to look into Will's eyes, careful to make sure Will doesn't feel blocked into the corner by him.

"Will?" asks Hannibal, his voice soft and low, soothing. Different.

Will simply closes his eyes again. If Hannibal wanted a conversation, he didn't wanted to be distracted by those amber eyes, the bottomless black pupil where the monster lurks in shadow.

Hannibal opens his mouth to say something, then hesitates, shutting it again. His next words surprise Will.

"I'm sorry."

What? The Hannibal Will knows – both beast and man – would never readily admit to that, not with how highly he thinks of himself. *Sorry*. Apologies were seen as things for the weak, for Beta women and Omegas. Not a proud Alpha like Hannibal.

Hannibal presses a light kiss to Will's forehead then pulls away quickly. "If you don't believe me, Will. Look. I know you can."

Will had gotten better for not letting his empathy take over. Only once had he used it since leaving Jack and America, to see if Hannibal was the Il Mostro the news was passionate about. Even then it had brought a sheen of cold sweat to his skin and troubled sleep for nights after. Without Jack asking to 'borrow' his imagination at every crime scene each week, Will had felt a lot more at home inside his head than he has in a long time.

Now, Will is more reluctant to use it again. Even just to seek the truth.

But he looks, nonetheless.

Within Hannibal, a war is raging. A battle between the beast and the man. Will, the object of their affections. The man wants to woo Will into loving him, both of him. To take Will as his Omega who will accept him as both man and monster, regardless of how long it will take. The beast seeks only its pleasure. It craves blood, and it craves Will. It wants what it wants as soon as possible.

Will calculates his next move – show Hannibal he could be willing? Or let the beast have him how it wants?

Either way, Will has always like dicing with death.

He doesn't bother opening his eyes, just lunges for where he knows Hannibal's mouth will be. They meet in a clash of lips and teeth, Will pressing too hard and nearly overbalances. Luckily, Hannibal catches him, pulling him close and kisses him back just as hard.

Will twists a hand into Hannibal's hair, tugging his head further down and swallowing the moan Hannibal utters. He licks into his mouth and moves his hand to trace along Hannibal's jawline. He rests his palm there for a moment, deciding to map out Hannibal's face with his fingers instead. But he touches the blood instead. Hannibal seems to feel it too, pulling back to watch Will with his eyes slightly narrowed.

Will licks his lips. He kitty licks the blood from his fingers, staring Hannibal straight in the eye.

It's as if a door has been opened to let the beast free. Hannibal's pupils expand until there is nearly no iris left surrounding it. He clenches his jaw. Then he takes Will by the hips and spins him around.

Heart racing again and all logical thought thrown out the window, Will plays along to the part of a typical Omega, telling himself it's strictly for curiosity, to evaluate Hannibal's response.

Will whines, turning his head to expose his neck to Hannibal, pressing his ass back, seeking contact, *presenting*. Hannibal's on him in in instant, one arm wrapped around his waist to pull him closer while the other hand grips his messy hair to bare his slender neck even more. Hannibal's face is buried in the crook of Will's neck, inhaling the sweet, fresh smell of Omega that he has craved since he first caught a whiff. He licks at the gland on the muscle tissue where Will's neck meets shoulder, lapping up the scent and nibbling on the flesh, fangs longing to pierce that pale skin.

Will mewls at Hannibal's attention on his neck, knowing that it would please him, putting his manipulation skills into play.

It works – Hannibal moans quietly, biting lightly at Will's jaw, grinding his hips lazily into Will's ass, arm pulling their bodies impossibly closer and forcing Will to bend forward slightly so that his ass sticks out even further. His chest is hot on Will's back, the heat between them torturing. Will's elbows brace himself on the ceramic sink, arms shaking and

legs trembling. Slick is beginning to soak his boxers, Hannibal's erection digging into the crease between his legs.

Hannibal's grinding speeds up, developing into full on thrusting as he moves faster, growling and biting into Will's neck.

Will dimly realizes this is stupid – both of them trying to get each other off without removing any clothes, like a couple of hormonal teenagers.

Even more stupid that he's in the arms of the beast.

The arm wrapped around his torso travels down and up, under the jumper, coming into contact with the smooth skin and flat panes of Will's stomach. His hand reaches his chest, tweaking his nipple sharply, hard. Will yelps, head falling forwards and pushing his body back to meet Hannibal's thrusts.

Hannibal tugs his head towards him, taking Will's mouth in a bruising kiss. Tongues slide and teeth nip, saliva coating their lips and stringing itself between them every time they pull back before surging back into it, a feral battle to gain pleasure from one another.

Will slips forward at one of Hannibal's vigorous thrusts, grip slipping and arms falling into the cold sink water. He is nearly fully bent over, water sloshing around him and drenching Hannibal's sweater, exposing the back of his neck when it becomes more waterlogged.

Hannibal rears back, hands running over the expanse of Will's back that has been revealed. His hands come to a stop at the waist of Will's boxers. He stops, listening for heartrate and scenting for how aroused he is, fighting off the beast and the control of his Alpha need to gain, *take*. Will's breath catches, pushing himself out of the water and back into Hannibal. Hips collide and they moan in unison. Hannibal hooks his fingers into the waistband–

The doorbell rings.

Hannibal falls forwards, arms gripping the counter either side of Will's shoulders, head lowered above his back, caging his Omega in, protecting him. Will is huddled beneath his solid mass, breath catching when Hannibal's wrists cradle his head, marking Will with his soothing Alpha scent.

A fist raps at the wooden door several times, loud and impatient. Above him, Hannibal growls, quiet but nonetheless intimidating. Will bites back a whimper at Hannibal's anger and frustration ripping through the air in waves.

"Ciao?" The voice is gruff, loud, and reverberates through the stillness of the flat. It is deep, a male, the rumbling timbre in his voice before a growl suggesting Alpha, at the very least a Beta.

There is another pounding at the door, fast and agitated. "È la polizia! Apri la porta!"

Hannibal huffs, spinning Will and pulling him down so they are eye level with each other. Muscles pull at the side of Hannibal's face, pulling his mouth into a deep frown and carving

crinkles into his forehead. Annoyance and slight worry shine clear in his amber eyes.

“Will, I must answer the door, see who it is, what they want. I need you to go back upstairs for me. Stay in your bedroom. Do not leave it. Lock it and only open it for me. Do you understand?”

Hannibal’s grip is tight on his shoulders, bruising. He shakes Will, staring into his eyes searchingly. Trusting him he won’t do anything rash, stupid. Like running down to whoever is at the door. To scream at them for help. The thought only briefly crosses Will’s mind before vanishing like it was never there. Like Stubborn Will’s presence.

“Will. Answer me. Do you understand?”

“Ye- yes. I do. Stay in the bedroom and only answer to you. I understand.”

“Good. Keep silent.” Hannibal pushes him back towards the doorway to the stairs. Another wave of knocking at the door. He retreats back, keeping eye contact with Will until they both exit.

Will races up the stairs, into the guest room, bolting the door shut behind him. The adrenaline rush dissipates, leaving him slumping against the solid wood. His breathing is shallow, erratic. His heart pounds in his ears. He wills himself to calm down, to stop acting like a stereotypical Omega so dependent on their Alpha.

He holds his breath to listen, ears straining. He can just manage to hear voices, unable to tell them apart from the distance. They sound calm, no shouting. Will lets out a sigh. Of relief, perhaps.

He stands back from the door with trembling legs, pulling the sodden jumper from his body. It drops to the floor and he pauses on his way to the bathroom. It’s probably made of some Cashmere wool, something posh and expensive, something Hannibal wouldn’t want to be tossed carelessly onto the floor. He bends, gripping it in his hands and carries it to the en suite.

Will turns to himself in the mirror, looking like a young child gripping onto their comfort thing. His nose is buried in the fabric, Hannibal’s scent calming to Will’s primal brain. He hates himself for being so affected by Hannibal, Omega instincts or not.

The jumper is placed onto the bathroom counter. Will’s arms drop. He just stares at himself in the mirror, numerous thoughts flashing through his brain.

Obvious marks dot along his neck, some mulberry purple bruises and crimson bite marks, reminders of long, canine teeth trailing along his scent glands. Will shivers, watching his pupils dilate momentarily. His hair sticks up at all angles, pulled and tugged into messiness. His lips are still pale scarlet, bitten and kissed to make them plump and rosy. He blushes slightly, imagining Hannibal’s wandering hands, nipping fangs, eyes melted into a black abyss. His boxers are plastered to his thighs with another wave of slick. Will shucks them off, embarrassed with himself.

You bond with your captor, you survive. You don't, you're breakfast.

It was only a matter of time before Hannibal bit him, him killing the Beta is proof of that. But still, Will hadn't planned on letting it get this far. He should've called Jack a long time ago. Should've escaped – he'd had plenty of opportunities to do so. Then he wouldn't have to deal with slick coated underwear and a stupid primal need for a psychopathic, cannibalistic Alpha. And yet everything in his body screamed at him to stay with Hannibal, the voice of reason telling him it's the only way of surviving. The Omegan part of his brain admiring the strong Alpha that could provide and take care of him. The strong Alpha that would be his perfect mate.

True mates.

Till now, Will thought that had been a load of fairy tale bullshit adults told to young pups at bedtime so they'd have something to dream about until they bonded. The reality was it was very rare – Will's biological mother leaving his father a few days after Will had been born was proof enough. Will had never felt that way to any of his previous partners, despite Matthew proclaiming his love and that *they were true mates, yes Will, we're like hawks. Everyone else are just sparrows* at every available opportunity.

Hannibal though, he is different. Monster that he is, destined to be with the hatchling of a monster that lurks in the bottom of the well that is Will. The darkness that Will is reluctant to admit is within him would be roused, and it would be accepted by Hannibal, for he harbours the very same thing.

Hannibal doesn't see him as a delicate thing like Matthew did, to be pitied and protected. Hannibal sees him as he is, and the *potential* that lies just within his grasp. That he would be able to reach with a push from Hannibal.

The shower is too warm, nearly burning Will's skin when he steps in. The scalding torrent of water dousing his body washes off the touch of phantom fingers on his neck and back. He's partly sad, partly disappointed that all traces of Hannibal's presence disappear down the drain; the scent, saliva, slick. He doesn't analyse that thought.

Instead, he remembers the feeling of Hannibal's closeness, his touch, rough but caring as his hands had moved along the curves and ridges of Will's body. He thinks of the tongue tasting his sweat and skin, alpha fangs ready to puncture the gland low on his neck, his body throbbing with the primal need for a bond.

His orgasm is brief, unsatisfying and boring. It feels like there is something missing.

The shower room is steamy with boiling air, fogging up the mirror and swirling in the yellow light. Will steps onto the mat, grabbing a towel to wrap around his waist before pressing his ear to the bathroom door. All is silent on the other side, the hot fragrance of soap and steam preventing him from detecting anyone there by scent. He knows Hannibal would've waited on the landing, respecting him enough not to barge in on Will's privacy. He also doesn't doubt that if whoever was at the door had tried to get in Hannibal would've bested them in a fight, knowing that his obsession with Will would throw all caution and thoughts of secrecy out the window.

Pushing the door open, Will peers out. As he thought, the room is empty, everything how it was when he had left it. He pulls on one of the button-ups Hannibal bought him, sliding on fresh clothes as he creeps towards the door.

The tangy smell of blood reaches him from beneath the door, Will instantly beginning to panic. His mind is blank but for thoughts only of the safety of his Alpha. Whatever meagre fraction of his brain is left uncontaminated by Hannibal wonders when his title had changed from *the* Alpha to *his* Alpha.

Without thinking, Will hurls open the door and flies down the stairs, racing towards the front door. His legs won't move fast enough.

The lights are off and the door is shut, the dim morning sun shining through the window panes set in the top of the wood the only light source in the hallway. It illuminates just enough for Will to see the outline of what is in front of him.

Part of the floor is covered in a thick, dark pool of blackness. If there had been proper light then it would have been a deep, sticky scarlet. It spills out from a body lying on its side, a large man, once an Alpha with his face frozen in a contortion of what can only be pain. His lifeless arms clutch at the gash along the vertical length of his stomach where his intestines leak onto the floor as if it were liquid.

Behind him is another man, smaller, maybe a Beta. He is lying stomach down on the floorboards, blood pouring from wounds on his torso, with his neck snapped and wide eyes gazing up to the ceiling. He almost looks shocked at his own death.

They are both wearing police uniforms.

Hannibal stands above the chaos. Blood spatters all over his clothes, shirt rucked up and torn. In his hand a knife is gripped tight, blade dark and dripping with blood. A cut is visible on his shoulder, a steady stream of blood oozing out to join the intruders' on his shirt. His chest heaves, a low growl reverberating over to Will.

His mouth is pulled taught in a snarl, a small cut high on his cheekbones and dried blood under his nose. His hair has blood streaked in it, like a sticky red hand attempted to yank his head back. Mostly it falls over his eyes, which are completely black, and blurred with a feral stare. A stare different from when he had killed for Will the first time.

The man standing before him is not Hannibal, but the monster that lurks within.

Will is enraptured.

He weaves around the pools of blood as well as he can, approaching Hannibal with slow, measured steps. He comes to a stop in front of the Alpha, a foot of space separating them and gazes up into the eyes of a wild creature. The man before him stares blankly, caught in the frenzied rush of a killing spree, still high on adrenaline. Will brings his hand up and tames the beast with one touch.

Hannibal melts, pushing into the touch of Will's palm, dropping the knife with a clatter and bringing his arms up to hold him close with a crushing grip. One hand clenches Will's hair and holds his head close, the other wrapping around his back to bring them flush together. He buries his nose in Will's neck, breathing in the calming scent of the Omega, reassuring himself Will is there and safe.

The embrace is desperate, Hannibal's grip is restricting Will's breathing, blinded by emotion, and yet he feels comfortable caged in like this with only Hannibal surrounding him. With their scents mingling and breaths synchronizing.

For the first time, Will lets himself see Hannibal. Properly.

He can see the darkness in Hannibal, the darkness he had ignored and avoided – pretended that it didn't exist. He can see the need for blood, a need that is so much more than just primal, something he cannot survive without. The need to kill, to consume.

He can see the obsession Hannibal has with him, how fascinated he is by this Omega when he has only ever viewed other humans as play things, as *food*. He can see the need for this Omega who can see Hannibal for what he is, an artist in a world of blood and death. Who can delight in this world meant only for Will and Hannibal. He can see the extent of how much Will has consumed *him*, the need for Will having taken root and now lodged strong and immense within Hannibal.

Philosophers would call it something far larger and more powerful than love.

Will brings his arms up and hugs Hannibal back.

Something clicks in Hannibal, or breaks. This Omega can see what he is, *who* he is. And could love him for it. And it is a relief. A relief to share a gift that means so much to Hannibal, a gift meant only for Will.

He holds Will impossibly closer and whimpers, a small, broken thing, not belonging to the monster of a man it came from. A whimper that portrays just how terrified he was of losing Will, if he had let the police move or say one thing more. The possibility of it is so real and it's almost unfathomable to live his life without this Omega now that he has found him. The Omega he can call his.

They stand entwined in each other until the blood cools on Hannibal's skin, until their muscles get cramp from being locked together, until the sun shines through the little window in the door, painting the room in red and gold.

*

"My compliments to the chef."

The clinking of cutlery is loud when it digs in to the fillet steak flambé, the two pairs of hands using them occasionally reaching for the wine glasses standing next to their plates, filled with an elaborate red wine from the liquor shop a few streets away, the bottle on the table for refills. Silver candlesticks sit either side of them, illuminating the furnishings in a warm honey. The polished mahogany wood of the dinner table is spotless, reflecting the soft light. There is no centrepiece, just the two men sat across from each other with only a table separating them, their undivided attention on each other.

The tall Alpha grins at the praise, bringing a chunk of the meat to his mouth. He chews slowly, eyes fluttering shut as he savours the rich taste of the 'beef'. He looks regal and relaxed when he eats, pleasure obvious in the fleeting lines of his face.

Hannibal's eyes open, meeting Will's. A fond smile graces his face and the corners of his eyes crinkle.

"I am glad you like it," he says, voice low and soft, "after all it did seem a shame to waste such fine meat. Especially when there was an opportunity to cook it fresh."

Will cuts another piece, spearing it on his fork and eating it delicately, mirroring Hannibal. He lets comfortable silence sit in the air before breaking it, unable to ignore the pressing worry that didn't take long to surface after the murder. "Hannibal. The police force. They'll know it was us. I'm surprised they haven't already knocked at the door. We have to–"

"Will." Hannibal cuts his rush of words off, all soft features on his face replaced by a hard, stern expression. Impatient. "Will," he repeats, gentler, "as soon as it happened I contacted a friend of mine. I let her know what had happened and told her to plant clues somewhere else. Leading away from us. If they are looking for their officers, I doubt that there is even a chance we will be involved. They will be following a false trail, Will."

Will drops his fork, all thoughts of food forgotten. Hannibal looks down disapprovingly when it clatters against the plate. "Hannibal. I've been here a week. Closer to two, I think. We live together. And yet we don't know anything about each other," he leans forward, Hannibal meeting Will's serious eyes. "That man who knocked on my door the night you took me? His name was Jack Crawford. He works for the FBI."

Hannibal's face is unreadable, all body language concealed like a veil has been draped over him, making him a stranger to Will, who cannot see him now.

Will's fingers begin to tap out a rhythm on the table, anxious. "I used to work for him. Used to just be police, but then Jack found me after it had been reported that some cop had cracked a case that was boggling the minds of detectives." He grimaces, "wasn't that big of a deal. Anyway, the point, Hannibal, is that even if the Italian police aren't looking for us yet, the American FBI are."

Hannibal's eyebrow twitches, a barely suppressed growl forming in the back of his throat. He smooths his suit jacket, "and you didn't think to tell me this? That you worked for the FBI and not some small county sheriff department." A tad overdramatic for someone who already knew the Americans would be looking for them. Will's eyes dart away and then move back to his own. Hannibal sighs and stands, picking up both their plates. Disappointment radiates off

him in waves. “Of course you didn’t. You still expect them to come and rescue you from the dragon holding you captive.”

He leaves the dining room, irritation apparent. Will looks down into the glass of wine, watching it swirl when he picks it up. He knocks it back, smacking his lips at the bitter aftertaste. He chugs Hannibal’s too and waits until he knows that he has finished the dishes. Hannibal doesn’t join him in the dining room again. He’s being petty then, Will thinks, or he wants Will to go to him.

Some things can’t be changed, Will’s stubbornness resurfacing and forcing him from the dining room in the opposite direction to Hannibal. He knew he had left the table in a state, and it was rude to ignore Hannibal. Right now he didn’t care, delighting in his rudeness just to piss off Hannibal. If the Alpha was going to be a slimy git and attempt to ease Will’s anxiety with his manipulation, Will would simply ignore him.

Heading upstairs, he brings the wine bottle with him, clutched in his hand. The door of the library is heavy when he pushes it open, and creaks loudly in the silent evening air. He removes his shoes and strolls over to the bookcases, running his fingers over their spines and breathing in their comforting scent. The familiarity of it and the alcohol beginning to have its effect fight off the anxiety and frustration welling up within him.

He knows they could be caught, any wrong move and they’ll fall into a trap. It’s an elaborate game of chess, the game so close to Check Mate but both opponents are still armed with their queen. He’s played before, he knows it could only take one small mistake and the game will be over. And he knows that if he were playing by himself then he would be calmer, but he has Hannibal to account for, and Hannibal is unpredictable. A piece gone rogue.

At random, he selects a book. And another one. He carries a stack of books with him up a ladder leading to a small balcony, going back for the stragglers and the wine bottle. He perches in a window seat, the light from the moon illuminating the text on each page well enough for him to see. Every time he turns a page, he takes a sip of wine, letting it dampen the storm of emotion within him.

Soon enough, he can no longer focus on the words, each letter beginning to blur. He places the books down on the floor and licks the last drops of wine from the bottle. He lets it drop onto the floor, watching it shatter with unfocused eyes.

His head is heavy, and he feels too warm, tugging open buttons on his shirt collar before collapsing onto the cushioned pillows of the window seat. He stares up at the cracked paint in the arch above him and the smell of old books stuck in his nose soothes him with the wine, making his eyes droop and his breathing even out. With a blank mind and empty feelings, he drifts off to sleep under the light of the moon.

*

Will's eyes open to darkness. Darkness surrounding him. The blanket lying heavy on him is hot, hotter than it should be. Pillow smaller and more solid. There's something pressed up against his back. He dimly notices he's in his bedroom, stumbling out and in to the bathroom only just quick enough to throw up into the toilet.

He's sat crumpled against the bathroom floor, stomach emptied when he hears footsteps amongst the pounding in his head. Hannibal walks silently to the sink, filling a glass of water before sliding down to sit next to Will on the floor.

Will still hasn't opened his eyes, Hannibal moving to hold his head in the palm of his hand and bringing the glass to Will's lips with his other. The glass is cool to the touch against Will's lips, and he gulps down the drink quickly. Hannibal encourages him to sit up, but Will's muscles are protest, weak with exhaustion that they are. Will slumps against him, waiting for the pain rushing through his body to fade.

They sit together, in silence, in the darkness of the bathroom. Will's head pounds, the noise of a passing siren outside drilling into his skull and making him whimper. Hannibal pulls him closer until Will almost sits in his lap, bringing the Omega's head to his neck, to the scent gland there in attempt to calm him.

Hannibal's scent is hot and earthy, of fire and a crisp autumn breeze. Will nuzzles into it, into the welcome warmth of the large body wrapped around his. Arms curl tighter around his back and Will burrows further into Hannibal's chest, fully seated in his lap now, with his head tucked under his chin.

The pounding in his head and the feeling of nausea ease, allowing him to open his eyes and move to look at the Alpha without vomiting. Hannibal's head is resting against the counter, hair mussed in what can only be bedhead, eyes droopy with tiredness. He's not wearing a shirt, making his scent stronger and all the more fragrant. Will wants to bury his head back into the crook of his neck to inhale more of it, or run his fingers through the thick hair on his chest, but chooses to talk to Hannibal instead.

"Hannibal?"

The bronze irises peer at him through heavy lids, Hannibal answering through a questioning rumble in his throat.

Will's words catch in his throat, only able to utter a quick "thank you," before tucking his head below Hannibal's chin again, hands clutching at Hannibal's arms that are looped around his waist, and slumping back into the warm embrace.

Hannibal shifts, turning Will to face him before pulling him up into his arms and standing, Will scrabbles at his shoulders as his stomach rolls with the motion, making him grip to Hannibal tighter. He trundles over to the bed, setting Will down gently and tucking him under the covers. He turns to leave, Will summoning energy to reach out and catch his wrist gently.

"Will?" The Alpha's voice is soft, uncertain. Rough with sleep. Will grips his wrist tighter and tugs, a light blush dusting his cheeks.

Hannibal smiles, going to the other side of the bed and climbing in behind Will. His chest rests against Will's back, and his bicep cushions Will's head. He uses his free arm to hold Will closer to him across his stomach, cuddling up to him with his nose buried in his neck.

Will sighs, relaxed, realizing Hannibal was asleep with him before – *spooning* him – that Hannibal had carried him down here form the library, a quiet but pleased Omega purr welling up within him.

He snuggles back into the Alpha, the embrace a calming, comforting one. The hot breath on the back of his neck and the arm curled across his stomach is a pleasant sensation. He drifts towards sleep, this time with a happy heart.

With his last remnants of energy, Will brings his hand up to close over Hannibal's on his stomach. He lets himself fall asleep feeling a smile curve upwards at the back of his neck.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading :)

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It's been a week since he took care of the police officers, and with no detectives knocking on their door Hannibal is confident that Chiyoh had led the police in the wrong direction. Chiyoh has never failed him before and her loyalty to him is unwavering. No doubt she has thought ten steps ahead, maybe sent the killer on its way to America or something of the like. Made it seem that Hannibal is completely and utterly unrelated to the case.

If only he could pass on his calm certainty to Will. Beautiful, intelligent, stubborn Will. The man that made butterflies dance in his stomach when before empty shells of larvae lay, lifeless. *Heartless*. Will, the man who could unleash the beast within Hannibal with just a glance, and out it would leap from its cage, wild and unhuman and bound to him. Because that is what would happen, and Hannibal would bind them together even if it meant he had to die for it. Even if Will didn't want it. But oh, how he *did*. How pretty little breaths would hitch when Hannibal was standing only an inch away for him - music to Hannibal's ears, how that sleek, slender neck bared itself for Hannibal only, and those heavenly cerulean eyes gazed into the depths of Hannibal like he was a god and not a monster.

Will wanted it just as much as Hannibal did, that he was certain.

His jaw clenches with the pure animalistic want to mark Will. But Hannibal does know Will, know that despite the Omega's longing for him, if he were to pounce on the boy and bite him – hard and deep like he wanted to – then Will's stubbornness would surface and he would resent Hannibal. And he doesn't doubt Will's grudges could last as long as he wanted them to.

And Hannibal doesn't want to be in Will's bad books. Not when it could damage the trust they were beginning to have in each other.

The trust that allows Hannibal to offer Will to leave the flat for a couple of hours. Hannibal wants to study Will, see if he really is just his prisoner or whether Will actually values Hannibal, or could. He wants to see whether Will wants to run, to be free from Hannibal. Logically, he knows that if Will were to do that he would bide his time, think it out, spring it on Hannibal when he least expects it. He wants to see whether the boy is just a scared Omega or a pup with the ability to be so much more if only *he stays by Hannibal's side*.

A section of his brain howls at him that this Omega is *his*, and so has no reason to be apart from Hannibal's side. But Hannibal forces it away in favour of testing Will, to explore and examine him, to see which of the two possible outcomes he would choose: to run or to return.

If he runs, Hannibal has no doubt he will kill him.

If he stays, he will be rewarded.

The boy beneath him stares up in shock. The pearly whites of his eyes grow wide, teasing at the bloodshot veins behind retreating eyelids as his huffed chuckling eases to a stop when he realizes Hannibal is serious. His lithe fingers twitch on the closed cover of his book with the nearing opportunity to grasp for freedom. His parted rosy lips seal shut as his brain works relentlessly to form numerous escape plans.

Yet if Hannibal were able to carve open their craniums to allow their brains to share electrical impulses, then he would learn that that is not what Will is thinking. Instead, he would know that the thoughts rushing fast through Will's mind were not of the teasing taste of freedom, but replaying the firmness in the Alpha's voice when he dismisses Will as if he had grown bored.

As intelligent as he is, Hannibal is also oblivious. And it is with this dominating control of false thoughts and scenarios blinding his logic and sense that he bundles Will up in his new coat and shoves him out the door, slipping a few hundred euros into the jacket pocket to increase the temptation of freedom and the chance to study him.

Pushing the front door shut, Hannibal's body collapses onto it with a silent cry of anguish. At himself for being so utterly stupid in his enormous desires to study Will and the choices he would make. To observe and examine. Even if it meant being separated from him and going against every rational thought in his body.

"Hannibal?" Will's small voice makes its way through the oak door, muffled even so. The beast within him longs to snatch him up and take him away, protect him, to make sure his voice would be strong and that he would never be scared again. But the man is curious, wants to delve deeper into Will, to watch him struggle – and for once, the man has control of the beast.

Will lingers, but within a few minutes, Hannibal can almost feel the hesitation wafting beneath the door, can hear the shuffling of his feet as he edges away from their home and into the vast wilderness of 'freedom'.

Hannibal's nerves are on edge, blood rushing in his ears and heart pounding as the animal within him claws its way to the surface, no longer bound by the grounding presence that is Will.

Was Will.

A howl tears itself from his throat as he turns, fleeing up the stairs. In a few seconds flat he bursts into Will's room, not caring about the shoes on his feet instead opting to launch himself onto Will's bed, clutching at bedding and nosing into pillows. Breathing in the calming scent of spring meadows, of elderflower and juniper berries. Will's scent. *Home*.

When the waves of fury and fear have been tampered down, the hand on Hannibal's wristwatch has moved by fifteen minutes. He groans, choosing to bury back into Will's bed rather than doing anything else. Will would be gone for a long time, so what better way to waste it by pining over the man himself. God, Hannibal is so lovesick it hurts.

All thoughts are chased from his brain – of Will running away, Will getting hurt or preyed on by other vicious Alphas (a menacing growl rumbles from Hannibal's chest when it crosses his mind), or even just how much he hates himself in this moment for being driven crazy by Will's absence. A punishment he had forced on himself, because that is certainly what it is. A punishment for thinking irrationally when it came to Will. For letting Will cloud his mind.

The apartment is silent. Except for words like *mistake* and *idiot* ringing loud in his ears.

It feels like a century to Hannibal as he lies there, not even in his own bed. He must look like a sorry sight – an Alpha in his prime clutching at bedsheets of an Omega he hadn't even claimed yet. On the verge of weeping, too.

And this is how Will finds him, an hour and a half later. He must've climbed in, and he stands there, watching Hannibal swept up in an almost-slumber of exhaustion with a sorry expression on his face, worn out from the torrent of emotions within him he tried so hard to dampen. His nose pressed deep into the fluffy pillows where Will's scent is strongest, arms cradling it close to his body in an embrace of intimacy.

Hannibal had not wanted Will to find him like this, looking like a baby or a lovesick teenager, not to mention he had violated Will's privacy by invading his nest. If he wasn't so star struck at seeing Will lingering in the doorway then he would have scolded himself for being so very rude.

With shaky limbs, Hannibal clambers from the bed, crossing the room to stand before Will. He doesn't engage in eye contact, instead choosing to kneel at Will's feet.

He can hear Will's stuttering breath at the display of submission. At being submitted to by an Alpha as powerful as Hannibal. No Alpha would do this, but Hannibal would happily stray from society's expectations if it would mean pleasing Will. He takes Will's hand, neck bared as he places a kiss to each knuckle. Worshipping, thanking the boy for having come back to him.

At some point Will's other hand hesitantly comes up to card through Hannibal's hair, scratching lightly at his scalp, enticing shivers to travel along his spine and goose bumps to rise on his skin. Hannibal lets out a contented purr at the reciprocated affection, warmth swelling in his chest. Will eases slowly onto his knees opposite Hannibal, using the grip he has on the older man to keep him close. He shuffles forward, head above Hannibal's when he tilts the Alpha's head into the crook of his neck, letting him breathe in the sweet, comforting scent of Will.

Hannibal's strength returns to him, little by little, until he sways drowsily onto his feet and collapses back onto the bed, clutching Will in his arms all the while. They snuggle closer, lying contentedly in a tangle of limbs, both happy with lounging fully dressed in shoes and outdoor coats.

"Thank you."

His whispered words are like the crash of cymbals in the still air, despite the white noise of birds chirping and traffic whistling by outside. A suffocating silence is left in the wake of his

voice, and it stretches on, Hannibal beginning to grow tense with the anticipation of rejection. The muscles in his limbs lock from where they cling to Will, not willing to part from him again. Will shifts, twisting free from Hannibal's desperate vice grip to grip his chin and tug him upwards.

Hannibal expects a punch or another slap, muscles in his face contorting in preparation for the blow.

Before Hannibal realizes what is going on, soft lips press themselves to his own. With a gentle pressure and certainty Will's lips are still, pulling back quickly to gaze into Hannibal's dumbstruck eyes. His angelic smile is small, smug but happy, Hannibal's shock vanishing so that he can lean forward and kiss the upturned corners of Will's lips.

"You idiot," Will mumbles between kisses. "How could you think I didn't want you? You've got me as good as bonded to you, Hannibal Lecter. Fucking idiot." He pulls back, opting to nuzzle into the nook beneath Hannibal's jaw. "I thought you'd grown tired of me, rejecting me and sweeping me into the streets. I thought you didn't want me."

Hannibal stills, shock and horror coursing through his veins. He'd made Will feel rejected? Worthless?

"My dear," he tugs Will's chin upwards, watching blue irises sweep across his cheekbones and jaw. "Look at me, Will." He does, eyes beginning to moisten and mouth pouting in an attempt to hold back the flow of tears. Hannibal brushes their noses together and releases calming pheromones into the air. He is pained that he had made Will feel like that, that Will was in pain. Because of him.

"Understand this, William. I had no intention of doing so. I was not in my right mind, shall we say, when I said to leave. I would never want you to feel worthless or rejected or any other distressing emotion. No, Will. Never. As long as I live, I will show you just how treasured you are to me, how we are meant to be together. I will try my best to never cause you pain again. I promise."

Tears fall, Hannibal catching them with his thumbs and brushing them away. He holds Will's face in his palms, and pressing gentle kisses to Will's nose, his cheekbones, his teary eyes.

"I am sorry, Will." He kisses Will's pouty lips.

It's a slow kiss, completely different to the one they had shared in the kitchen, swept up in a wave of lust. Hannibal and Will's lips move languidly, the salty taste of tears hot on their lips, savouring the pleasant sensation of sharing the calm moment together. They kiss away each other's grief with each press of lips, before the blinding haze of arousal, the calm before the storm.

One of Hannibal's fangs catch on Will's lower lip, making the younger man muffle a moan into the kiss. Hannibal growls quietly, sitting up to push the woollen coat off Will's slim shoulders. Will follows suit, tugging the lapels of Hannibal's jacket and sliding it down his arms. Will swings his leg over to straddle the Alpha's lap with a seductive sway in his hips,

Hannibal reaching up with one hand to pull the Omega into a rough kiss with a firm grip in his hair and binding him close to his larger body with an arm around his waist.

The kisses turn hot and impatient, a clash of teeth, tongues, and lips as they strive for dominance with each movement. Calm heart-to-heart moment before forgotten. Will's searching hands make quick work of Hannibal's shirt buttons, swiftly tugging them free until he can sneak his hands beneath the material. His hands trace along the thick muscles in the Alpha's shoulders and torso, fingers carding through the thick hair growing on his chest which he purrs at, Hannibal reciprocating with a harsh bite to his jaw.

Heat coils in his stomach, the haze of lust blinding him like mist. It races through his bloodstream, pupils blown wide, breaths quickening, his cock hard and throbbing.

Hannibal's hand clenches tight in Will's luscious curls, the Omega gasping at the sensation and throat arching towards Hannibal's salivating jaws. The Alpha laves and laps at the Omega's neck, pressing gentle nips to the soft skin.

Will's hands come to a stop at the waistband of Hannibal's trousers, landing above the swell in his pants, hesitating. Hannibal pulls back, gazing into lust blown eyes that mirror his own. He can't help but be struck again with the realization of just how in love he is with Will when he gazes into that bottomless ocean.

If Will can't see the hearts in his eyes he must be taking oblivious to a whole new level. More so than Hannibal.

"Do you want to do this?" Hannibal's voice is rough, like his throat is carved from sandpaper. Will nods his head jerkily, but still, his fingers don't move.

Hannibal's hands meet Will's own, running his thumbs over the backs of hands and along the fine hair there. He squeezes them, giving Will support and reassurance before unclasping the belt and popping open the button with him.

The gasp that makes its way from Will's throat is clearly audible when he sees the revealed tent is more impressive in Hannibal's boxers. It's an impressive bulge and he reaches out slowly to palm it, fitting it in the cup of his hand. Hannibal hisses at the pressure, throwing his head back and bucking into the tantalisingly loose grip. It's a light touch yet it sends tremors reverberating through his body, Will cupping it more firmly and pressing down. Hannibal doesn't attempt to stifle the moan he utters.

Then the pressure is gone, replaced by nimble fingers tugging the waistband down under his hips to expose his cock. Hannibal stares at the sight between his legs; his thick, red cock curving towards his belly and a debauched looking Will, still fully clothed, hunched over his groin with his face inches from Hannibal. He moves closer, taking Hannibal's cock into the loose fist of his hand and hovers over it, hot breath teasing and promising so much more.

The coils of heat in his belly is coaxed into a roaring, wild beast.

Will does take Hannibal into his mouth, lips sliding down the length of Hannibal immediately, not giving time for either of them to accommodate to the amazing feeling.

Hannibal bellows wordlessly, flying forward to lean over Will as he watches swollen lips and flexible throat move around the girth of him. Somehow, Will keeps eye contact with Hannibal and it's all the more arousing. To know that they're both so aroused because of each other.

Will sucks Hannibal down as far as he can go, attempting not to gag as he retreats back up to suckle at the head. He pulls off, kitty licking at the leaking tip and tracing the veins on the underside of his cock, then swirls his tongue around the head and sucking him down again.

Hannibal's got his hand buried in the mess of Will's hair, grip tightening as he nears the edge. He uses it to lever Will off him, watching the saliva to drool from the corners of his mouth and glisten on his cock. Will is hauled up so that he's straddling Hannibal again.

Two pairs of hands reach for Will's waistband, working hastily to expose his own erection as fast as possible. The cold hits it when the clothes slide under his ass, Will gasping when the air nips at his skin.

Hannibal moves quickly, taking both of their erections into his loose fist to slide against each other. They both groan at the contact, Wil's fist joining Hannibal's to jerk them quicker.

Will's other hand moves to Hannibal's chest, pushing him down to lie fully on the bed with the boy atop his lap. He reclines gratefully, watching Will above him move with slow rolls of his body as he bucks elegantly into their fists, brow furrowed and kiss swollen lip bitten between his teeth in concentration.

Hannibal's thumb works at the precum dripping from his own cock, smothering the underside of Will's erection with it to make the glide easier. Will's chest heaves at the sudden contact on the sensitive veins, glancing down at the thumb moving up to his foreskin, where it rubs gently and swipes at the pearly beads beginning to form at the tip.

The feeling is just right, and yet not enough. The scent of slick filtrates into the air, Hannibal scenting it as it begins to soak through the material around their waists, dripping between Will's thighs and onto Hannibal's skin. The burning sensation only feeds the unruly flame of lust.

Suddenly Will surges forward to crash his lips against Hannibal's, like unruly, wild waves crashing against the sturdy foot of the cliffs. Another ruthless kiss driven by the building arousal, time ticking away until they both push off the cliff into the promising bliss.

Hannibal returns the kiss, all fangs and harsh biting. He claws at Will's hair to bring him even closer, the boy's back arching beautifully with each tug. The fist wrapped around their cocks tightens, approaching orgasm with each thrust. He consumes each moan the boy breathes into his mouth, urged on and speeding up the grip on their cocks. Hannibal's knot begins to form, pressure building at the base as of his erection as their fists glide over it.

Will pulls back, head falling into Hannibal's shoulder as he mewls, each movement of Hannibal's wrist bringing him ever closer to the brink, glorious friction increased with the growing knot. With his head tucked into Hannibal's neck, he gulps the scent of him down with heaving breaths, lungs thumping and heart pounding, the fragrance of pine, fire, metal, and overturned earth spreading deep into him with every ticking second.

Hannibal moves his head to mouth at the soft skin behind Will's ear, lips pulled taut in a snarl with the effort to wait until Will orgasms.

"Come for me, Will."

Will gasps, licking at Hannibal's throat and thrusting vigorously into the fist of their hands, stilling and screaming wordlessly when his hips stutter and he comes, release spurting from his cock in ropes, coating his and Hannibal's chest.

Hannibal grunts, thrusting once more when he feels Will's cock pulse against his own with release. He bites his lips hard, panting and eyes rolling into the back of his head as he muffles a roar when his knot inflates and he orgasms hard, fist working to coax out more streams of come that cover them both.

They lie there, chests heaving, clothes plastered to their skin with sweat, blissed out and peaceful. Will moves to press a sloppy kiss to the corner of Hannibal's jaw when the older man tenses and orgasms again, fingers gripping hard into the skin of Will's neck and jaw agape with pleasure.

Seeking the remnants of his energy, Will pulls himself up, kicking off his own and Hannibal's clothes and mops their hands and stomachs up with his own cheap boxers. He flops back down to bury his nose under Hannibal's chin with a sleepy, contented sigh and a dazed smile on his lips.

With his knot deflated, Hannibal tangles their legs together and wraps his arm over Will's shoulder. He kisses Will's sweaty mess of curls before they both give in to temptation of sleep, his lazy, satisfied smile mirroring Will's own.

*

The next few days are spent in a tranquil haze of lying in bed together, cooking the police officers into small artsy meals, and bringing each other to orgasm with their skilled mouths and hands. The streets of Florence are left untouched by murder, only the heavy grey autumn clouds with their gentle caress of raindrops pattering on copper-coloured roof tiles.

But one morning when the fleeting golden sunshine warms their backs through the cracks in the curtains, Hannibal rises from the bed and cooks up a large Full English breakfast for him and Will.

He wakes Will with the soft press of lips on his forehead and a hand combing through his unruly hair.

"'Mornin'."

Will's southern drawl tumbles from behind rosy lips as his ocean eyes gaze up adoringly at Hannibal, chocolate curls illuminated chestnut in the early morning light. His arms come up

to wrap around Hannibal's neck and tugs him closer for a slow, languid kiss.

"Good morning, love." Hannibal mumbles between kisses, "I brought you breakfast. You must eat up, I've got a day planned."

"What day could be better than lying here with you?"

"You said that yesterday, and although I am flattered, I am afraid that I must insist you get up."

"A kiss first?"

Spoilt boy. But Hannibal isn't one to deny Will anything.

When they part, smiles plastered on kiss-red lips, Will sits up with his shoulder pressed close to Hannibal's as he hefts up the tray filled with plates of food. He digs in, shovelling in his breakfast and moaning in delight around every mouthful.

He thanks Hannibal with a peck on the cheek when he finishes, scent marking him and wandering away to the bathroom to start up a shower, leaving Hannibal to clean up the dishes.

Hannibal carries the tray downstairs, drunk on happiness. The warmth in his chest flourishes, lit by Will's affections. At the scent marking, the desire for closeness. He never thought he'd be this happy. Be this domestic. And yet this boy was pulling them from thin air, the wicked magician he is.

Soon enough, they are ready to leave, bundled up in layers cocooning their bodies to brave the grim winter weather, sunshine leaving the heavy rainclouds to paint the sky.

They leave, Will putting up an umbrella while Hannibal locks the door behind them. Hannibal takes the umbrella and tugs Will beneath it, looping their arms together and setting off with a brisk pace, hurrying to be in the downpour only as long as they have to be.

The rain falls in angular sheets onto the cobbled roads and alleys, letting loose a low droning sound. It rattles off roof tiles, and whooshes through drainpipes.

It coats the Uffizi with a gloomy shimmer, the off white stone dull in the temperamental sunlight. Pushing open the entrance door, Hannibal leaves the brolly in the stand and they shuck off coats, Will basking in the warmth of the gallery.

They begin to meander through the arching halls and lengthy corridors, Hannibal strolling leisurely, having been here many times before, in comparison to Will's bewildered aura.

Hannibal watches Will from afar, ogling the Omega with his flushed pink nose and cheeks from the warmth of the gallery, chocolate curls hovering in an unruly mess above discarded scarf slung across his shoulders. His blue eyes, bright with excitement, dart from one painting to another and rosy lips curl and twist with each fleeting expression.

Will, beautiful thing that he is, deserves to be up there with the Michelangelo's, da Vinci's and Botticelli's. His own beauty exceeds that of any painting even they could produce.

Hannibal lowers himself onto a bench, fixing his attention briefly on the paintings when Will sits beside him. He shuffles himself closer to Hannibal and attempts to make it discreet, earning a smug smirk from the Alpha.

"Botticelli's Primavera."

Canting his head to study the large painting, Will takes it all in, blue doe eyes wide.

"What's the story to it?"

"It's a painting of love and loyalty. Venus and the Three Graces are examples of chastity, beauty and love. The fruit represents fertility, and Mercury warding off evil and welcoming the beginning of spring. The wind god, Zephyr, beds a young nymph and in his remorse transforms her into the goddess of flowers, Flora." Hannibal pauses, "It was painted to adorn the room of an Omegan bride, with the underlying message that Alphas had the rightful power and so were protectors, and would treasure their Omegan mates, who were both beautiful and fertile. In turn, Omegas would ensure the race would not die out and stay bonded to their mates."

Will scoffs, anger being emitted in waves. Stubborn, infuriated Will paying a visit. "So some outdated, egotistical painter did this with the belief Alphas were superior? That Omegas were expected to have litters time and time again – be breeding machines – while their 'mates' watched from afar?" His leg nearest to Hannibal begins to bounce. "This is disgusting, Hannibal. I don't care that they saw it like that however many centuries ago, because it apparently still hasn't changed."

"I wholeheartedly agree. I myself, would not have wanted an Omega who would be defenceless and needy. Or a 'breeding machine' as you put it. As I do not wholly understand the appeal. I am happy that you, Will, are anything but."

Will's leg stops bouncing, and he sits a little taller. Being called Hannibal's Omega along with the praise paint his cheeks a darker pink than they were before. The blood rushing beneath the skin a beautiful sight.

Not as beautiful as the man it belongs to.

"If I saw you every day, forever, Will, I would remember this time."

Will's eyes meet Hannibal's, two lovers gazing into one another's hearts. They grin, smiles of understanding and adoration.

*

Hannibal sips on his martini, eyes skimming the small crowd tucked inside the little bar. A large group of friends sit in the booths and at tables, the babbling Betas and Alphas a burden to his ears. A man with his nose hovering above a newspaper sniffs loudly, despite the napkins present on the table he's leaning on. The bartender, a boisterous Beta woman who had spilt the drinks twice before she had handed them to Hannibal, and dumped a pile of napkins without a word of apology. All tremendously rude.

Hannibal has half a mind to use the penknife stashed inside his coat.

Before he can consider his pressing thoughts a second time, Will returns from the bathroom, brushing his fingertips lightly over Hannibal's shoulders when he trots by behind him. He hops into the wonky chair, hands patting over his pockets nervously and pink splashed along the assortment of faint freckles on his nose and cheeks.

Owlish eyes meet Hannibal's own, Will flashing a smile at him and taking a gulp of his pint, crossing his legs and folding his arms. His ocean eyes dash along the lines of Hannibal, resting at the drink clasped in the clutches of his fingers.

"Of course you would get a martini."

"Mmm, a Vesper in fact. A nice change from my usual Smoky Martini."

Will's forehead creases. "You come into bars often then? Make cocktails often in your spare time?" He smirks into his drink. "Or you really are just a pretentious git."

Hannibal's eyebrow raises sharply. Frowns.

"And you're not some country American scamp who refuses to have anything other than beer or a cider?"

Will pokes his tongue out, Hannibal following the movement greedily. "Actually, I'm more of a fisherman than a farmer, Hannibal."

And with that, he begins to rattle off tales from his childhood and of his father, of spending time out at sea or at different ports along the American coastline. Hannibal listens on intently with keen ears, enjoying the tune of Will's voice. All the while retaining important information and making a mental note to research fishing gear later.

Three glasses of wine later, Hannibal dashes off quickly to have a piss while Will waits at the table. He's only feeling 'jolly' as Will had put it, the alcohol not affecting his large body and a high tolerance as much as it had with Will. Will, who should still be waiting at the table where Hannibal had left him, with his alcohol-flushed cheeks, glazed eyes and a dopey smile.

Hannibal hurries, unwilling to leave Will on his own in his tipsy state.

But the table is empty, only Will's scent lingering.

Hannibal prowls through the bar, searching for Will in every nook and cranny. With no sign of him, he leaves the bar, panic creeping up his collar.

The alleyways surrounding the bar are empty, deserted. Save for the cats slinking in the shadows and strangers slumped in doorways, there is next to no life in the twilight.

Hannibal is going at a run now. He ends up going in circles. Streets whizz past as he searches for Will's scent. Each road is filled with unfamiliar faces. Not the face he is looking for. Heart racing. Brain pumping. Senses heightened. It seems impossible, but–

There.

He hears it first. A strangled yell which is soon muffled.

Then he smells it. Elderflower and juniper berries. Spring meadows.

Dashing off into the darkness, Hannibal chases Will's presence into some little street tucked behind a construction site. With every step, his heart pulses faster.

He sees Will's eyes first. Beacons of light turned black in the darkness. Wide, *scared*.

Will has been pushed up against a wall, tears visibly staining his pale cheeks. His wrists are locked in the grip of a meaty fist, arms contorted above his head painfully. His shirt has been ripped open and pushed to the side, exposing his mating gland in the crook of his neck. Distress pheromones clog the air in a thick fog, along with the reek of a pool of his vomit lying on the floor by his feet.

The Alpha pressed along his body is a large, bulky man, meat thick on his bones. His hips are flush with Will's, humping his leg disgustingly. The grubby hand holding Will's wrists moves to clamp over his mouth while the other begins to wrench Will's trousers past his hips. He's got his face tucked close to Will's, foul mouth whispering something equally disgusting into the air.

The horrid scent of rut streaks the clouds of distressed Omega pheromones.

Hannibal still hasn't been noticed by the Alpha. Or Will. Rage boils hot in the pit of his stomach, the level of his anger almost unfathomable.

Suddenly the Alpha yanks his hand back from Will's face with a strangled yelp, coming away sticky with blood. It is smeared across Will's moth, painting his teeth. The distraction is enough for Hannibal, finally closing in.

He tackles the Alpha to the ground with a roar, all scathing claws and snapping jaws. The Alpha turns his attention on Hannibal, furious at this unwelcome interruption. But he fights back with a strength that matches Hannibal's.

Hannibal's knees dig into the Alpha's gut, his fingers scratching at the Alpha's throat, sharp claws carving into the thick skin around it. The Alpha's arm comes up to push Hannibal away from him, pulling back with a roar when fangs clamp down onto it. He rolls them over, using his weight to render Hannibal powerless beneath him. Hannibal bellows, yanking his arm from where it's pressed against his chest to elbow the Alpha in the side of the face. He does it

again, this time connecting with the nose in a sickening crunch, a spray of blood drenching him.

The Alpha's wounded hand comes up to lock around Hannibal's arm, pinning it to the ground by the side of his head. With Will's mark engraved into the repulsive man above him, Hannibal finds strength at seeing the proof of Will's violence.

His knee comes up – hard – into the groin of the Alpha. He screams, distracted by the blinding pain. Hannibal uses it and flips them so that his knees dig into the hips of the Alpha, hand emerging from the breast of his coat with his penknife.

Through the pain, the Alpha sees the knife, attempting to buck Hannibal off him. Hannibal holds fast, bringing the knife down sharply into the Alpha's shoulder. Scarlet blood pools from the wound, spilling hot onto the cobbled floor. The yell the Alpha emits would be music to Hannibal's ears if it weren't for the immense rage that was blinding Hannibal in its storm of fury.

Remarkably, the Alpha must have found some strength. He wrestles the knife from Hannibal's hands with his good arm, whipping round to bury it deep in Hannibal's calf.

Hannibal roars, the final straw having been reached a long time ago, yet this had somehow crossed another line. He pulls it from where it's embedded in his muscle and stabs the Alpha straight in the heart, leaning all his wait into it to bury it deeper. At the same time, he hunches further forward with his face above the Alpha's neck and pierces the jugular with aching fangs. He pulls back in a spray of blood with the tissue still clamped in his teeth.

Bloodlust gone, Hannibal looks up to see Will slumped against the floor, shoes soaking in vomit, arms wrapped around his knees and eyes wide, unseeing.

Shakily, Hannibal gets onto his feet and rushes over to Will. He doesn't bother bringing the knife with him, the distress of his Omega a just cause for being so distracted. Even with Hannibal hovering over Will's hunched form, the boy still doesn't see him. Hannibal eases him up, buttoning his coat up over his torso to cover his cold skin. He picks him up bridal style, tucking his face in the crook of his neck in an effort to make the boy feel protected.

Will still doesn't react. It's down to the shock and trauma, Hannibal is sure. Worry still breathes down the back of his neck.

Somehow, Hannibal gets them home. Even with the limp and the heavy weight in his arms, he does it.

Hannibal's hand is slippery on the key and it shakes tremendously when he attempts to put it in the lock. It takes him three times before he can shove the door open with his shoulder.

After locking the door and checking all other entrances in and out of the house, Hannibal starts a hot bath for them both. Whether it's from the shock or a fever, Will is beginning to shake violently, adding further worry to Hannibal.

He pulls Will in with him, folding his stiff legs and tired muscles. Hannibal lathers them both with soap to wash all the blood away, washing away all the evidence of that revolting Alpha and turning the bathwater pink. He checks Will over for any injuries or bad bruises, luckily only finding a large bruise at his temples. He pulls Will's back flush against his chest and slides further into the water in an effort to warm Will up.

Hannibal heaves them both out the bath, drying Will quickly then popping him onto the toilet seat when he rubs himself down with the towel. A thousand and one thoughts race through his mind, all careening to a holt at the sound of Will's towel rustle around him.

"Hannibal?" Will's voice is weak and hoarse. His slightly unfocussed eyes flicker towards Hannibal approaching him. A dopey smile crosses his face when Hannibal's hand cradles his cheek.

"Shh… I'm here, Will. It's me." Hannibal's answering smile is wavering. Will's eyes glaze straight over and the smile vanishes from his lips like it wasn't there only a moment ago. His eyes stare straight though Hannibal as if he wasn't there. A worried whimper bubbling in his throat, Hannibal checks Will over again. Will has stopped shaking but he's still pale, temperature far higher than normal with the beginnings of a fever.

Hannibal curses violently in all the languages he knows.

He tucks Will up in the bed, sheets bundled around him in a cocoon. He dresses into pyjama pants and trundles into the library, selecting a book called *Meals to Eat When Unwell*. He begins to cook up a broth, making a mental note to remind himself to order in some chicken or go to the market in the morning.

Hannibal carries a tray with tea and the broth upstairs towards the bedroom. He enters, finding the duvets and pillows tucked even closer than they were to Will when he left.

Putting the tray on a chest of drawers, Hannibal edges onto the corner of the bed, perching his ass there to press his hand against Will's damp forehead. Hot to the touch. He leans over Will, burying his nose into the unruly mess of curls, the only colour against the white sheets. Beneath Will's usual scent, there is something else, something hot and sweeter. Not the stench of fever. Hannibal racks his brains, searching for some other answer when he feels it. A hot tugging in his groin. Shit.

It's the beginning of Will's heat.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah I wasn't a fan of the beginning of the chapter either, I just wanted to include a bit of the Hannibal from S1 I guess who is always so curious when it comes to Will.
Okay so that's not the meaning behind the Primavera - it loosely is, but I mixed it up because I wanted to initiate a bit of conversation.

Please leave a comment :D

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

sMuT

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He's aware of the pain first.

The white-hot pain in his stomach and groin. His skin that seems to burn all over. The pounding in his head. The ache in his stomach.

It's all familiar, but he should have been prepared for it all the same.

What was Hannibal going to think? Would he be revolted by it and confine Will to the bedroom for the whole week until it's gone? Send him to a clinic? Would he lose control or take advantage of Will? Be sent into rut too? Or worse, would he throw Will out onto the streets *again* because he didn't want him?

Despite his barely conscious body, Will can feel himself begin to panic, anxiety coursing through his veins.

"Will, darling. It's Hannibal. Are you awake?"

A cold palm presses into his forehead, Will gasping and pushing into the touch. The hand is yanked away.

The tension in Hannibal is clear in his voice. "Will, you need to open your eyes. You must eat this, or else your strength will be gone. Sit up."

Will opens his eyes, gazing up blurrily into Hannibal's face peering down at him. The curtains are drawn shut with the windows open, letting in a steady stream of fresh air but no blindingly bright light. Will eases himself up to lean on the headboard, drinking the sips of chicken soup Hannibal spoon feeds him. Hannibal himself is sat quite a way away from Will, perching on the edge of the bed, keeping his distance. Will doesn't comment, even though he can feel himself beginning to get upset.

When Will finishes Hannibal puts the bowl onto a tray on the chest of drawers, coming back and pulling a chair up to the bed. The distance is roughly a metre – too far considering their intimate relationship – as if Will had some contagious disease. He doesn't beat around the bush, instead bringing up Will's heat straight on.

"You're going into heat."

Will cocks an eyebrow, ignoring the pain that flares up into the pounding skin on his temple. He must have a bruise, and a big one at that. “Yes. And?”

“And? Will. I’m most likely going to have to leave you in here. Tell me what you need, and I’ll go to the pharmacy to pick up whatever toys you want. Price doesn’t matter, I will get them to ensure you’re as comfortable as possible.”

Will wants to retch, the bile rising in his throat almost there. How dare Hannibal suggest that. “What I need, *Hannibal*,” he does his best not to spit at the ignorant bastard who is out of range anyway, “is you. You prick.”

Hannibal sighs. As expected. “I can’t do that, William.”

Fucking hell.

Will locks his eyes on Hannibal, mustering up the willpower to make them as hard and steely that he hopes they look like. Hannibal just stares at him, blank. No emotion present in his face.

The growl is strong in Will’s voice when he speaks, rage bubbling in the low timbre. “Hannibal fucking Lecter. Will you just see sense for *one fucking minute and listen to me*. I’m gonna go into full on heat very soon. True, I’m not going to be in control of myself for some of it. Most of it. And yes, I’m going to be asking for your knot,” Will feels victorious when he sees Hannibal’s nostrils flare, “but I’m also going to be in pain. I’m in pain now. It’s going to get so, so much worse. The pain only eases when there’s an Alpha, Hannibal – and no, don’t call a clinic. God, no.”

He stops, throwing his head back and clenching his teeth when a pulse of fiery pain from his groin flows through his body. He can almost feel a clock within him ticking, counting down the seconds. The pain is not eased by the delicious smell of the Alpha close by. If anything it’s like spying land in the distance aboard a sinking ship, a tantalising taste of hope before the certain misery.

“*Hannibal* – fuck. Look, you said you would do anything for me, Hannibal. That you never wanted me to feel pain again. Well it feels like I’m burning from the inside out so help me, dammit!”

Will doesn’t need to use his empathy to see Hannibal finally looking torn. Clearly, he wants to help Will, but his brain must be at war with himself, not moving an inch despite Will’s pleas. Will knows though, his last trick in the bag will work.

It’s got to.

He takes a breath. “I don’t remember how it ended, but I am pretty sure you killed that Alpha who tried to rape me.” Hannibal growls, barely audible. *Finally*. “He wanted me, Hannibal.” He pauses for his own flare of dramatics, and schools his voice into a slight whine. “So why don’t you?”

Anger pulses viciously through the air.

Fury clear in Hannibal's eyes. "You are a manipulative boy, William."

Will's eyes widen minutely, smirks victoriously.

Hannibal carries the chair back to the little table in the corner of the room and places it down gently, stripping his suit jacket and hanging it from the back. He turns and stalks back to the bed, as if he were hunting Will. His eyes glow red in the dim light, long bangs falling over his brow, and nostrils flaring. Predatory.

With each step his scent increases. With it, Will's heat. Will can feel himself begin to slip under, feel the heat take over.

Hannibal reaches the bed, and suddenly grabs Will's ankles beneath the sheets and hauls him down the mattress. With a growl rumbling in his chest, he strips the duvet from Will, sheets and pillows flying. Will lies beneath him, smile wiped off his face - replaced by parted lips and quickening breaths. He lies there, naked body flushed and pale. His Omegan cock curving towards his belly and the scent of slick drifting through the air.

The Alpha above him takes in the sight, low purr resounding in his throat with approval. He kicks his shoes off and crawls onto the bed, fully clothed. His knees kick apart Will's to make room for him, and his hands land either side of Will's head.

Will's throat feels parched, drying more with his heat creeping up his neck. His throat clicks in a swallow when Hannibal hunches over his body, face inches away. His scent is amplified with the closeness, with Hannibal's arms bracketing his head, caging him in. A gesture both comforting and arousing. He looks defiantly into Hannibal's eyes, his stare unwavering as he gazes into bottomless black pools ringed with flashes of crimson.

Eye contact tense between them, Hannibal breaks it by moving to lick a stripe up the side of Will's neck, lapping up the sweet scent of heat, Omega – Will.

A gasping shudder is plucked from Will at the affection Hannibal laves over his neck. Bliss and want sparking behind his closed eyelids, he lets himself be swept up in the raging river that is Hannibal and the monster straining at its tether within.

Hannibal bites, hard, into the flesh of Will's shoulder. Not the mating gland, but close. Will howls at the pain and the heady rush of endorphins, sensitive skin and sticky blood lapped at by Hannibal's greedy tongue. The moan is loud in the air, Hannibal's voice raw and muffled where his teeth grip into muscle. With every drop of blood swallowed, the monster is fed and growing within.

Will can feel a hand clutching and groping his ass, the probing fingers tracing the cleft between his cheeks. He gasps at the feeling of fingers sliding along his perineum, coated with his slick. They find his entrance, not bothering to waste time allowing Will to get used to the new feeling, instead thrusting straight in. He mewls, throwing his head back against the pillows at the intrusion, arms coming up to clutch at Hannibal's clothed shoulders, to ground him.

Hannibal focuses his attention on working his fingers in and out of Will, loosening him up and preparing him. With each quick, scissoring thrust his entrance begins to open up and greedily accepting another finger, along with the slick sound of skin sliding together. Hannibal muffles a sound into the smooth, pinking skin in the crook of Will's neck, nipping and sucking along his throat to dot soft reds and purples along the curve of his arching neck and shoulder.

Soon enough, Hannibal deems Will loose enough. He pulls his hand back and places a pleased lingering kiss on his shoulder. He rears up and flips Will over onto his hands and knees, watching his back dip beautifully.

"My beautiful Will…. you asked for this. The connection between us now will be the monumental shift in each of us that Keats wrote of. Shakespeare. Jonson. Love that knows no bounds depicted in each of the classic works. Yet few speak of the war raging inside either partner." He presses a nipping kiss into the smooth skin between Will's shoulder blades. "You asked for this, William. You have asked for what you call the *monster* that lies slumbering inside me. This darkness within me, Will, it's all yours, now."

The words spark an answering darkness within Will, but he smooths it over and buries it. Now is not the time. Will feels like he's about to combust, skin boiling against the cool palms that manoeuvred him onto his front. The ache in him grows, worsened by the absence of fingers. The pain increases, the need to have something within him completely taking over. He drops onto his elbows with his ass high in the air towards Hannibal – presenting.

Hannibal snarls, his hand pressing down on the crook of Will's back, accentuating his curve and making him look more appealing. The prime 'breeding position.' His palms come to rest on Will's waist, his own hips still not meeting Will's ass. This will be their first intercourse together, and he regrets it being in Will's heat. He had wanted to take Will after they had gone hunting, while the cooling blood of their prey coats their hands and mouths. Or at least with the familiar, stubborn, admiring Will.

Will, fed up with Hannibal stalling and the steadily growing ache within him, turns his head and gazes up at Hannibal with lust blown eyes. His jaw agape, sweat gluing his hair to his forehead he whimpers.

"*Alpha*…"

Emitting enticing pheromones, Will hopes he looks alluring enough, the need within him almost unbearable.

Finally, he can feel the blunt head of Hannibal's Alpha cock nudging against his entrance. He's seen it before – had it down his throat before – and he knows just how big Hannibal is. It makes him dubious, whether the thing will manage to fit within him. But, it's meant to ease the pain.

Hannibal pushes forward into the tight, wet heat of Will. He moans, distantly hoping the neighbours aren't home. Only the head is in, and Will's entrance is still too tight. He begins to do little thrusts back and forth, edging further forward. His jaw hangs loosely open, hauling oxygen and the heady scent of Will into his body – the two things that are ambrosia

to his unpredictable life. Lust-blown eyes are fixed on the point where their bodies connect, where they're giving each other blissful pleasure.

He scolds himself and Will for not doing this earlier.

Will can feel Hannibal's minute thrusts, the size just right. He lies there, gasping. Slick begins to drip onto the sheets, trailing along his thighs and coating Hannibal's dick.

Soon, Hannibal's hips meet the back of Will's thighs and he stops, adjusting to the paradise that surrounds his cock. Hands grip tighter on Will's waist, digging in, skin paling. He hunches forward and rests a moment, Will beneath him flushed and naked, Hannibal still fully clothed, tie tracing feather light patterns onto Will's back.

Gulping in a breath, he rears back and begins to thrust in and out of Will, the slapping of their skin loud in the room. Will clutches at the sheets swept around their conjoined bodies, holding onto them for dear life in a tightened fist. Whines and mewls are ripped from his body every time their bodies clash.

From where his face rests against his arms, Will watches the predatory Alpha pound into him, hair clinging against the sides of his head and falling into his wild, red eyes. His fangs are on display, long and sharp and coated in Will's blood. His crisp white shirt plastered against his torso hints at the defined abs beneath, cock protruding from his slacks shoved down his thighs, straining muscles working beneath. The sight triggers a string of pre-cum from Will, the liquid falling onto the ruined sheets beneath his body.

Above him, Hannibal snarls, tilting Will's hips up to aim for his sweet spot, determined to pull Will's orgasm from him just like this.

Will collapses further forward to bury his face into the bed, attempting unsuccessfully to muffle a moan when Hannibal's cock drags closer and closer to that spot within him. Hannibal's hands grip tighter on the skin of Will's hips, rousing slashes of reds and pink to the surface.

Sparks of white flash across Will's vision, Hannibal's cock hammering against his sought after prostate. Screams are torn from his throat as he attempts to escape away from the onslaught of pleasure, then suddenly changes his mind and begins to push back into Hannibal. His Omegan cock begins to leak profusely, so close to orgasm.

Hannibal's knot swells at the base of his erection. He pounds into Will with abandon, hips stuttering and losing their rhythm as he nears orgasm.

He falls forward, one hand still clasped tight to Will's hip while the other grasps a handful of his hair, pulling his head back and exposing his neck. He drives his knot into Will with one final thrust, a sudden wave of slick easing the movement as Will's orgasm erupts beneath him, coming untouched as one wordless shout is drawn from him. Amongst the pleasure thrumming through his blood, his heat dims, orgasm forcing it from his body for a short while.

Without preamble, Hannibal bites into Will's bonding gland.

The pleasure forces a long orgasm from him. His release coats Will's insides as the coppery taste of blood flows into his mouth, earning a hoarse cry from Will. Will, who is pinned down by Hannibal in two places, feels a trail of blood run down his neck and onto his chest, ending its journey by dripping onto the mattress. With his head pulled back at an awkward angle, straining his muscles, Will watches his blood fall onto the sheet beneath him and seep into the material, like ink on blotting paper.

His muscles clench in response, attempting another orgasm if he could.

Hannibal's cock twitches as another stream of cum is pulled from him in response to the muscles contracting around him. He releases Will's throat from his hold in his jaws, and shifts them onto their sides away from the various fluids spilled on the sheet.

Will hates how boneless and pliable he sometimes gets after sex. During sex. It makes him seem the typical Omega, which he strives so hard not to be. And this is no different. Hannibal pushes his face into the crook of Will's neck and his arms envelop him from where he's pressed up against his back, in a cocoon of warmth. Will nuzzles back into it, seeking gentle love and affection different from when they had made love – no, that was fucking. Pure animalistic fucking, joining only to bring each other to release. To sate the need of his heat.

He can feel the tingling wound on the side of his neck, the connection flowing through his veins and spreading into his body. They were bonded now, forever. It was as if Will had needed to think of it to unlock it. In his chest, a warm swell of contentment and adoration unfurls that mirrors his own feelings. From behind him, Hannibal purrs – a deep rumble from within his chest, as if he senses Will's realization. He most likely does. Now, Will can see Hannibal without needing the pendulum, without letting his empathy wash over him in the usual surge of grim resignation.

A warm sense of calm settles within his head, a pleasant cloud welcomed by his body, separate from the dismal gloom of his dreaded heat.

Hannibal lets out another rumbling purr, pressing lazy kisses into Will's skin, covering his neck in a gentle show of love. Will's efforts to be the stubborn, defiant Omega who was not in love with this Alpha would be pointless. Hannibal could read into Will's emotions just as easily as Will could his. He must feel the warmth and affection and everything else Will feels towards him. Nothing was secret now. He sucks a kiss into the skin beneath Will's ear, breathing out a steady stream of a repeated word with each sigh, punctuated with kisses.

"*Mylimasis*…"

They lie there in their relaxed, contented little bubble. Until their sweat begins to cool, damping Will's skin and sticking Hannibal's clothes to his body. Will's skin begins to become more sensitive to the clothes that chaffed him along the back of his thighs. He presses back into Hannibal for warmth yet simultaneously pushing away to ease the pressure where it's sore. Hannibal comforts him with a release of pheromones and whispers of soothing words, in several languages unknown to Will. He shifts to pull the duvet over their shoulders, bundling them up together while trying not to stimulate their oversensitive skin where they're still joined.

After a while Hannibal's knot goes down, his cock slipping from Will's body. With whatever energy he has left, Will winces, feeling fluid seep out from within him. Hannibal must feel his discomfort, as he slips from the bed into the bathroom and returns quickly, scooping Will up into his arms and carrying him into the bathroom. A bath is running, already beginning to fog up the mirror and condense on the cool tiles. A scent wafts out from it, of roses and carnations, something floral and spicy amongst it.

Trailing his fingers along the surface, Hannibal deems it warm enough, coaxing Will to slip into the water. Despite having been close to the Alpha and stealing from his warmth, the warm water is still a shock to Will. His own skin is probably just as hot with his heat.

Now stripped from his clothes, Hannibal turns the tap off and clambers in behind Will. He pulls Will down and positions him so that he's resting against Hannibal's body with his head against his shoulder. With gentle, soap-clad hands, Hannibal washes his body with a lavender bar of soap, the suds slipping off his skin and turning the water cloudy. When his energy returns to him a little more, Will turns around slowly, mindful of his sore legs and ass. He takes the bar from Hannibal's grip and begins to wash him. The soap coats their bodies with a glittering sheen, removing sweat and other fluids from them. Will runs the bar along Hannibal's chest, then drags his fingers through the dark hair, watching bubbles stick to the strands.

Will looks up at closed eyes, the bundle of emotion in his chest Will knows to be Hannibal's informing him that the man before him is experiencing a tranquil storm of emotions. He feels carefree, content, and love and fondness directed at Will. Will eases further forward and presses a chaste kiss against Hannibal's lips, then turns around to recline in his warmth again.

"Hannibal?" Will's Louisiana draw has slipped back into his speech, despite his best efforts. Hannibal huffs what might have been a chuckle but sounds more like a sigh. "That word you said to me, earlier," he feels his ears heat, "what does it mean?"

Hannibal wraps his arms around Will, holding him tight then letting them drape over his limbs. His jaw rests on Will's shoulder, so that his words don't have to travel very far until Will hears them. "It's my native tongue. It's a word used mostly for significant others, an expression of love or something similar. Like 'darling', 'sweetheart', or 'beloved'."

Will grins. "So I'm your 'sweetie' now? Pumpkin? Babe? Gorg–" Hannibal's fingers make their way to Will's ribs, brushing over his skin and tickling along his flanks and to his armpits. The laugh Will barks is loud, joyful, full of life. He shrieks, grappling with Hannibal in an attempt to wriggle from the grasp of the arms that only cling tighter around his waist. Water sloshes onto the floor from their sudden energetic movements, rousing them from their tussle. Hannibal licks into Will's still chuckling mouth, startling the boy into moaning.

They scrabble from the bathtub, towelling each other off swiftly and draping themselves in dressing gowns.

Hannibal leads them downstairs, setting to work immediately on making some food before Will's heat kicks up again. He works briskly, darting round the kitchen and fetching things from the pantry under Will's watchful eye.

From his seat at the breakfast bar, Will's eyes follow Hannibal around the room, trailing after him like a puppy would. He watches the robe flap around his legs and hang loose from his neck with his sudden movements, documenting yet again each plane and angle along Hannibal's muscular body.

Absentmindedly he rubs at his neck, unknowingly spreading heat pheromones into the air as the ache within him grows again. Within him the want to be knotted grows, and soon he would ask that of Hannibal. Of his bond mate. Pleasure glowing warm within him at the thought of being claimed, of having claimed someone. Hannibal. He drops his hand, a frown crossing his face as he yet again feels like a stereotypical Omega.

Hannibal feels the displeasure too, watching Will keenly from his peripheral.

Soon enough, he seats himself next to Will on the breakfast bar with two plates of scrambled eggs and sausage. They eat in comfortable silence save for the clink of cutlery or quiet chewing.

Hannibal's nostrils flare with the increasing Omega pheromones in the air.

Will washes up their finished plates in the sink while Hannibal finds appropriate light nutritious food from the pantry to take upstairs. He emerges with a tray filled with an assortment of cheeses, fruits and some cucumber, even a small amount of dark chocolate.

He gets a raised eyebrow from Will. "Really? We going to have a buffet up there?"

"If you want, my dear," Hannibal purrs when Will rolls his eyes, but feels an echo of his own pleasure from Will's mind, "but these are foods perfect for sustenance in short breaks in either an Omega's heat or an Alpha's rut. And I fully intend on pampering you." He mock bats his eyelashes at Will, then approaches him and suddenly bends slightly to lick a long stripe over the bonding gland. Will gasps, and Hannibal's purr is low and predatory. "Let me spoil you, *mylimasis*."

They race off from the kitchen together, Will bounding up the stairs with Hannibal hot on his heels despite the food balanced precariously in his hands. Flinging open the door, Will pounces on the bed to arrange the blankets strewn across it into something that distantly resembles a nest.

Arriving in the bedroom what seems minutes after Will, Hannibal places the tray cluttered tidily with food on the dresser, thanking his hands for not shaking and hindering his jog – absent of spilled foods – through the house.

Will watches Hannibal rush into the room and place the tray down with a hurried thud. The man turns, eyes immediately finding Will waiting for him on the bed amongst an organized mess of blankets. He holds out his arms with a small smile dressing his lips, pleased when Hannibal quickly crawls into them and kisses him with a smile on his own lips.

Hannibal pushes Will down and hovers over his body on his elbows, embraced in a tangle of limbs and slow kisses. Will reaches up and threads his hand through Hannibal's hair and

slings the other around his neck, his legs wrapped loosely around Hannibal's waist and on his back.

The heat begins to consume him again, growing in Will's stomach and spreading through his body like wildfire. He urges Hannibal to hurry up with a light kick to his back and pulling him closer with his thighs, whining despite how much he doesn't want to.

"Steady, Will. I've got you."

*

With his heat temporarily sated, Will does find that the food is perfect to eat after sex. It's tasty and full of nutrition, his body practically glowing with each mouthful.

He watches Hannibal peel another apple, slicing it into quarters, then quarters it again. His lithe fingers work the knife expertly, each slice precise and uniform. Juice leaks from the apple, trailing along the blade and onto his thumb, coating his skin in glistening moisture. Bringing the thumb to his mouth, his lips wrap around it, licking it from his skin erotically. He watches Will with keen eyes, and must approve of something in Will's expression, smirking slightly. He brings a slice to Will's mouth despite his protests, eating a slice too.

From where he's sat bundled in his nest, Will reaches for a small slab of watermelon on the tray, conscious it will go off sooner than the other foods. Being brought up poor by his father, he had learnt not to waste anything – especially not valuable foods that were considered a treat for them, like the watermelon.

But Hannibal picks it up first, a raised eyebrow saying 'you can try again but I'll still get it before you'. He's perched on the edge of the bed, far enough that Will could still touch him with his feet but it *would* be stretching.

Will growls lightly. "Dammit Hannibal. Give me that watermelon. I'm hungry, for Chrissakes." He lunges for it as best he can with the blankets clinging to his limbs like chains. They weigh him down and he ends up not moving very far, still not touching Hannibal. Or the watermelon.

Hannibal takes pity on him and moves closer. But Will doesn't want that, to be *pitied*. He'd had enough of it since he first remembered it happening, an old woman offering him some money to *go on dear, take it. You're only skin and bone. Whoever's raising you jolly well isn't doing a very good job of it, are they?* And it had only gotten worse when he had been in and out of counselling offices, each shrink or person who had seen poor Will Graham out of his mind again. Each knowing look in those eyes peering down their noses at the unfortunate boy whose empathy was too much trouble for his own good.

Will disentangles himself, growling. He clambers over Hannibal in all his naked glory, resting on his knees next to the other man. He raises his eyes, his dangerous blue eyes staring

into Hannibal's bronze ones. They're blank, evaluating Will's next move.

Will tackles Hannibal to the bed and pulls the melon from his grasp. He holds it in one hand while the other pins Hannibal down on his clavicle, fingers wrapping deftly around his neck. Straddling the man, Will feels a surge of power pinning Hannibal beneath him. Is this what Hannibal felt every time he steals the final breaths of life from each pig he chooses? When he watches the final drops of blood drip from lifeless bodies? Feels bones crack beneath his hands with each snap of a neck?

He chucks the watermelon behind him, hearing it land on the tray somewhere.

He curls his fingers tighter around Hannibal's neck, adding pressure in little increments. Hannibal's arms are lying freely either side of Will's legs, yet he offers no resistance. He doesn't struggle, doesn't choke out a plea for mercy. Simply stares up at Will with curiosity in his eyes.

Will feels it, the glow of adoration, the proudness welling within Hannibal. When he looks at Will above him. Even when Will squeezes harder than what must be comfortable, Hannibal is only conscious of the light headedness of happiness. His eyes begin to glaze over, so it might be because of lack of oxygen too.

Immediately he lets his hands go slack, cradling Hannibal's neck instead. He expects panic and horror to surge up in a storm and suffocate him, obliterating all rash thought and belief he was still a sane person. But he was calm and indifferent to what he had just done. If he had done that only a matter of weeks ago, he would have been horrified with himself, would have labelled himself as a killer. And he wasn't a killer. Yet. He'd already gutted a man, which was just as bad, arguably worse. Hannibal would make him a killer, he has no doubt about that.

The question just remained; when?

Cradling Hannibal's head in his hands, he watches the brightness return to those spheres of brass and bronze. He watches the skin on his neck turn from a sallow white to a mottled pink where his fingers had imprinted on the skin. He leans down, the lull in his anger allowing him to press a kiss to Hannibal's neck. He leaves a trail of kisses along each forming bruise and red mark. He presses his thankfulness and his pure adoration into the smooth skin of Hannibal's neck.

A shaky hand comes up to twine its fingers in his hair, cold but gentle as they run through his silky curls. They scratch lightly at his scalp, reciprocating the affection.

Hannibal huffs a weak laugh, pressing a kiss into the top of Will's head. "All that for a piece of melon?"

In response Will nips lightly at the skin his attention is focused on. He files away the hitch in Hannibal's breathing to examine later. He growls softly, a playful lilt in his voice when he speaks next. "At least next time you'll have learnt to listen to me."

A low hum works its way from Hannibal's throat. The part of Will that is entirely Hannibal's experiences a rush of pride, along with the ever present adoration.

“Of course, Will,” says Hannibal, his voice quiet.

Will kisses his neck for a while longer, assessing the multitude of feelings welling within him with a creased brow. Hannibal’s voice was full of intention, as if he had just spoken a sacred oath giving himself entirely to Will. They were soft words spoken in a hushed voice, truth behind each one masking utter devotion and honesty. That dark pit of Hannibal’s situated in his head also attempts to conceal it – the hold Will has over him.

He kisses for as long as he can, procrastinating as well as he can to avoid conversation. But Hannibal must know what he’s thinking – he always does, now.

Hannibal tugs his head up so that Will is curled over him. He uses the hand entangled in Will’s hair to guide him so that he is within reach of his mouth. They kiss slowly, both purring quietly with each press of lips. Hannibal raises his other hand to hold Will’s cheek, pleased when Will plants his hands on his shoulder and the bed. He opens his eyes to gaze into Will’s, whispering into the space between them, “I love you, mylimasis.”

The unspoken words. The unspoken pact between them. It had been *shattered*. As if it were fine glass and Hannibal’s words a brutal sledgehammer.

But they weren’t lies. Will could sense it deep within his bones that Hannibal spoke from the bottom of his heart. It had taken root, and made up every fibre of his being. There were no secrets between them, not now, not ever. They were like open books only to each other, each page crafted delicately and precisely. To everyone else they were an endless maze of mystery where deep in the centre lies each person suit – and each suit was another layer of armour.

Will just stays stock still for what feels to him like eternity, when in reality it must only be a matter of seconds. He attempts to school his face into a neutral expression, but fails miserably judging by the pained look on Hannibal’s.

Hannibal’s eye twitches, only slightly but Will still catches it. He heaves in a shaky breath in an effort to mellow the furious surge of upset and anger.

“Will, I…”

Will has two options; ignore Hannibal, perhaps reject him. But he would either be forced or killed. The second: give in and do something rash.

Hannibal’s words are cut off by Will hesitantly placing a gentle kiss on his mouth. Will wouldn’t be able to say those words until he was ready. Maybe it will be in a few months, or it will be never. Despite knowing that he loved Hannibal back, saying it would finalise it, make it real. He wasn’t ready for that yet.

Hannibal kisses back, desperate. Will indulges him, opening his mouth and allowing Hannibal to sweep in with his tongue and sweep out and chewing on his lips or sucking on his tongue. By the time they finish their kiss, Will lips are bitten rosy red and Hannibal is perky and full of life, as if he hadn’t been strangled within an inch of his life moments ago.

Will smiles and looks down, feeing the amount of eye contact become a little too intense. He was happier than he'd been in a long while, perhaps ever. The only thing that could take the podium would be out fishing in a small stream, maybe a dog waiting loyally on the bank.

Hands go to Will's hips, hauling his naked body off Hannibal's. Groaning inwardly but loud enough Will could sense it even without being bonded to him, Hannibal sits up and swings his legs over the bed, realising the new aches and pins-and-needles in his muscles. He reaches out to the tray of food that somehow survived without spilling onto the floor during their 'scuffle' and picks up the melon. He holds it to Will's mouth, who takes it from his hands instead of biting into it immediately.

But out of nowhere: "Will, you never did tell me why your scent was so peculiar when I first lay my eyes on you." Hannibal says suddenly, his questioning voice making it clear it had been on his mind for a while.

Will sighs, happy mood vanishing. He rubs his hand not holding the melon over his eyes then runs it up to squeeze at his temples. "Umm, my line of work. Was intense. Each mind set of each killer I would enter, I would absorb a little part of them because of my empathy. I would connect with them so wholly that a piece of them would be left clinging to me, stuck in my brain."

"A parasite."

"Exactly."

Hannibal's fingers tap out a rhythm where it rests on his leg. "And these parasites were simply left alone, robbing you of your health and in return leaving you with say, split personalities? Schizophrenia? Because when left attached to their host for too long, the parasite may eventually end up killing their host. The FBI was not aware of your situation?"

"No. No, thank God." It hadn't got that far. "The odd hallucination, sleepwalking, loss of time. Very rare. Nothing that can't be fixed with a few aspirin." He barked out a laugh yet no smile was present on his face. "FBI had made me start therapy or else I'd lose my mind. To try and fix whatever was going on up there," he gestured wildly towards his head, "but, abandoning that job like I did seems to have done the trick."

Hannibal was half hoping for a thank you, yet he was unsurprised it was absent. He supposed it wasn't often people thank their captors.

Will stares down at what was left of the watermelon in his hands. The pink flesh had been torn away and eaten, leaving only the waste rind behind. It was like a human really, all muscle, flesh, organs and nutrients ripped away leaving only the waste bone behind.

Hannibal looks up as if he can read Will's thoughts. And he smiles.

Will really is in love with a monster.

He crawls over to Hannibal again, approaching him with an expression he hopes will be predatory enough to use when he hunts. Hannibal watches him with keen, calculating eyes.

His hands rest on Will's his lightly when he is straddled by the Omega again.

Will presses their bodies together, lined up at the waist to the torso. With each passing second, with each touch of skin on skin, his heat resurfaces.

Hannibal gazes up at him like he hung the moon. "Insatiable," he murmurs, feeling Will's hardening cock against his own.

Grinning above him, Will reaches down behind him to pluck a grape from its bunch, holding it to his mouth and wrapping his lips around it and the tip of his finger when he sucks it into his mouth. He doesn't miss the dilation of Hannibal's pupils or the tongue darting out to wet his lips.

It makes him feel powerful, knowing that he has that effect on Hannibal with only a movement of his fingers and his mouth.

"Have you forgotten I'm in heat, *Alpha*?" Will murmurs, attempting to look seductive as he licks strawberry juice from his thumb. Steadily pumping into the air are his Omega pheromones, further seducing Hannibal. The man stares up with hungry eyes, turning black in the dim light and even darker with his lust. The smell of it answers Will's, their scent mixing and heavy around them.

This time Will brings a chunk of apple to Hannibal's parted lips, feeding him in the way that he won't let himself be fed. Hannibal takes it from his fingers, tongue brushing against the tips, then he swallows.

"How could I possibly forget that, little Omega?" he says, voice purring.

Above him, Will growls. He shoves Hannibal's shoulders onto the bed, all thoughts of food forgotten. Will wants to show Hannibal he's not a *little Omega*. Even if he had meant it playfully.

He crawls down Hannibal's body, pleased at the shocked expression he earns. He dots kisses along his stomach and works himself down to Hannibal's groin. He nuzzles into the patch of hair there, breathing in Hannibal's scent: smoke, pine, earth, metallic rust. It was muskier down here, the scent stronger. More Hannibal.

Hannibal audibly swallows, and Will glances up to see him propped up on his elbows watching Will between his legs. His lips are parted and he looks down at Will with black eyes.

Will smirks, pleased that Hannibal looks like that already, and that his cock was hard, even before he'd done anything drastic.

He decides that's enough foreplay and licks from the base to the tip, all the way up the underside. Hannibal's moan urges him on, so he kitty licks at the head before suckling at it. He switches between the two, blowing a light puff of air to make Hannibal jerk. Will's eyes narrow slightly and decides to swallow him down.

He does – almost successfully. The tip just touches the back of his throat until the gag reflex kicks in and he has to pull off. But Hannibal had doubled over anyway, hands curled around Will's jaw and clutching his hair. Will gets his knees under him to push Hannibal back again, pinning his wrists to the bed next to his head with his weight holding them down. He glares down into Hannibal's eyes and conveying his message across clearly.

"Don't touch me. Don't – don't even move."

Climbing off Hannibal, he goes back down to the place he'd lain before between his legs.

He looks down at the hard cock in front of his face, covered slickly with his saliva. He really, really wants it inside him – could feel the ache beginning to grow within him where the knot had eased the pain. He ignores it in favour of pleasuring Hannibal for once, despite the streams of slick dripping from him.

Maybe later. He sucks Hannibal down again, going halfway before going back up and swallowing him back into his throat. He bobs his head back and forth until his nose is buried in the thatch of hair at the base again. Pulling off, he heaves in a breath, then licks his way to Hannibal's balls. He takes them into his mouth, just resting them there until he drops them and laps at Hannibal's cock again.

Beads of pre cum form, Hannibal's balls tightening up and his knot forming at the base. Will takes him into his throat and begins to bob up and down, hollowing his cheeks and sucking hard.

Hannibal groans loud when he comes in Will's mouth, his hips bucking as his knot inflates.

Will pulls back after swallowing as much as he can, the semen leaking from the corners of his mouth and coating his face with white ropes when Hannibal climaxes again unexpectedly. He licks his lips, swallowing the bitter liquid without comment.

He walks on his knees to pull a tissue from the box on the nightstand, wiping his face and tossing it in the general direction of the bin.

Hannibal catches him by the wrist, pulling him down so that they lie facing each other. His hand comes up to wrap his fingers around the back of his neck and bringing him close for a kiss. He licks straight into Will's mouth and tasting himself in there. It doesn't dissuade him. A happy, possessive emotion rises in Will, which he knows to be Hannibal's. Most likely at having marked Will in another way, with his orgasm.

Will breaks the kiss, chuckling lightly. He gazes into Hannibal's eyes a little too long, breaking the contact in favour of burying his face into the crook of Hannibal's neck. The strong scent there begins to make the ache pulse.

Pressing a kiss into the top of his head, Hannibal begins to move. He mirrors what Will had done earlier, lying between the other man's legs. Will watches on, curious and aching. Either Hannibal is being selfish or he knows what Will needs more – he bypasses his cock in favour of kissing along Will's backside and towards his hole.

He grips Will's calves and hauls them over his shoulder and along his back so that effectively, he was caged in by Will.

Hot breath brushes along Will's sensitive hole, already sore from previous rounds of sex. Will calms himself, relaxing. He knows what Hannibal is going to do, yet it is unknown to him, he'd never been rimmed before.

Hannibal's palms rub circles into Will's ass cheeks, soothing him by touch. He murmurs something Will can't quite pick up and a wave of enticing but placating pheromones reach Will's nose which is clogged with the heady scent of sex and Hannibal.

Placing kisses along Will's inner thighs, Hannibal reaches Will's hole and licks around it, circling it slowly until he licks a stripe over it. At Will's gasp and arching hips, Hannibal can only assume it's good. He does it again and again, laving his tongue over Will's relaxed hole or nipping into the soft flesh of his ass cheeks.

Will gasps. He clutches the bed, fisting the sheets in his hands in an attempt to ground himself. The pleasure rockets with Hannibal's precise ministrations and the attention on his most intimate area. When Hannibal presses his tongue inside, Will's cock somehow hardens even more. A bead of pre cum leaks from the tip, and he can almost feel Hannibal's face covered with slick smack against his own slippery skin. He rocks back as well as he can onto Hannibal's tongue, using his legs dangled along Hannibal's back for leverage.

Somehow Hannibal gets in his thumbs and another finger to open Will up even more to his mouth. He thrusts his tongue in and out along with a finger covered in Will's slick.

The pleasure is extraordinary. The ache within him gradually lessens, letting him absorb himself only into pleasure. And when Hannibal catches the nub within him with his finger, Will's orgasm hits him. Hard. Ropes of come cover his stomach and he can feel a wave of slick spill from his hole. His body jerks in an attempt to right itself and he ends up panting hard on the pillows, attempting to blink spots from his vision.

When he gathers himself enough to turn his head, Hannibal is lying along his side again, smile dopey. He's cleaned himself up pretty good, only the scent of Will's slick lingering on his mouth and jaw. Will notices he's been wiped down too, only slightly damp skin a reminder of the fluids there previously.

Hannibal rolls to meet him when Will begins to crawl closer, and he tucks him close by wrapping his arms around Will's back. Somehow he'd pulled a thin blanket over them, enough to keep them warm with their cooling sweat and Will's rapidly diminishing heat.

Will doesn't know what time they'd had sex and he doesn't know how long they'd been asleep, but by the time he wakes the sky was dark outside.

Hannibal is lying next to him, arm slung around Will's shoulder while the other is used as a pillow. Their legs are entangled with the blankets, and Will's own arms are pinned to the bed and beneath Hannibal's arm clutching him close.

He doesn't know why he woke, with the calm house and Hannibal's rhythmic breaths and his comforting closeness. But something didn't seem quite right to him. Maybe it was a loud noise down the street? A blare of a car horn? Old habits die hard, and he's too awake to go back to sleep now.

With extreme, careful effort, he begins to extricate his legs from Hannibal's and pull his arms free. He does so patiently, listening out for anything. He clambers out of the bed, a fond sensation settling in his heart when Hannibal reaches for him even when under the hold of sleep.

When his feet touch the wooden floorboards, he picks up his robe, slinging it on and creeping over to the curtains. He pulls it back slightly, just enough to look with one eye without making the curtain twitching obvious. But that small crack in the material is enough, and he sees it. The familiar glint of binoculars or a rifle scope when it catches the moonlight just right. He pulls back, alarmed. He really should wake Hannibal up or convince himself it's nothing, but he doesn't.

Silently, he begins to pad downstairs, familiar enough with the house to know where its creaks lie and how to avoid them.

Every so often, he'll stop, listening out for any sound at all. But the house is completely silent. The only sound is the beating of his heart which is too loud, the blood seeming to rush in his ears. The cornered off section in his brain that belongs to Hannibal is silent, probably still sleeping. It does nothing to ease his nerves.

He arrives in the wide hallway, then pads into the living room, noticing nothing different at all. His head turns this way and that, eyes searching for something in each shadow.

By the time he enters the kitchen, his eyes are beginning to play tricks on him. Beasts lurk in each shadow, with fangs and claws and look almost as if they are the embodiment of the creature living inside Hannibal. Entirely monster, no human left in their distorted, withered bodies.

He heads off into the dining room, the scent of whoever they had last cooked lingering in the air, masking the scent of the intruder.

Whoever it is has worked with the element of surprise before, and knows how to use it well.

Will suddenly has a hand clapped over his nose and mouth and another muscular arm wrapping around his torso, pinning his arms close to his body. Panic flares up within him, and he flails in the intruder's hold like a spooked rabbit in the jaws of a fox. He levers his legs off the ground and kicks his attacker hard in the knees. The man – Will suspects because of the intense strength and possible muscular figure – merely grunts.

His head begins to get a little dizzy, the alarm escalating crazily. If he could breathe he would be experiencing a panic attack, no doubt about it.

Through his vision that's beginning to seem more and more like a tunnel, Will sees a group of at least five other people wearing the same uniforms begin to walk the rest of the way from

the kitchen and into the hallway. They are clearly wearing police uniforms, even if the writing on the back of their vests is Italian. They are wearing helmets and crouch low to the ground as they walk, gripping guns in their gloved hands.

They pause at hearing a thud upstairs, choosing to hover by the door instead.

Will's heart races. *No*. Another set of thuds, as if someone were racing down a set of tairs. *No*.

And it happens. Hannibal leaps through the door, eyes immediately locking onto Will's. Biting through the glove the hand of his attacker, Will manages to shout at Hannibal, voice weak but sure before the hand is used as a muzzle on him again.

"Run!" he shouts.

But Hannibal does not.

He turns, snapping and snarling at the armed police. He lunges at the first one, grabbing hold of the gun, snapping the neck of the officer and throwing the body away from him. Another attempts to restrain him physically, getting in close only for Hannibal to dispose of them too. One simply shoots at him, but misses and hits the wall behind Hannibal and the other officer.

The walls begin to flash blue and red from the glare of a police car outside. Will attempts to wriggle free from his captor's hold when more police are called into the room, beginning to crowd it.

He fights for air, feeling his lungs burning and his vision going hazy. He's about to give in and let himself go limp when Hannibal turns and catches his eye.

Hannibal has blood running from his nose, and his or someone else's a smear on his robe which flaps and hangs loosely from his body. His teeth are bared in a savage snarl, but it falls when he meets Will's eyes. His own eyes are a dangerous ring of red corralling a pit of black.

Will can feel his own heart shattering from the multitude of emotions and the dark beast beginning to take shape within him.

He savours the look of Hannibal's eyes from across the room for as long as he can.

Until everything goes black.

Chapter End Notes

¯_(ツ)_/¯ oops

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

> Sorry for the super long delay. My laptop lost the final chapters because it decided to pack up. For good. So whatever chapters that follow deviate from whatever my intended ending was, before. I haven't written the next chapters yet, and IRL life is very... demanding at the moment, so I promise I'll work on this as often as I can. Just expect the next chapters to appear randomly.
>
> Anyway, the first split POV chapter!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They were the same sedatives Hannibal had used on Will.

Hannibal had felt the needle slide beneath his skin, felt the fluid pumped into his veins. It had hit him like a bullet, turning his body limp immediately. He had passed out not long after.

Now it was beginning to wear off; Hannibal could see the red glow of light behind his closed eyelids, the tingling sensation of feeling returning to his fingertips. His body was contorted in a way it shouldn't – he could feel that – and there was an infrequent jolt and the rhythmic whir of engines thrumming from the seat into his body. He was leaning against the car – he presumed – walls or something similar; there wasn't enough give in it to be a car seat. The thing he was sat on tough, cold and solid, uncomfortable to sit on.

Clenching his fists, Hannibal realizes something is wrong with his arms. They're strapped down across his chest and buckled tightly to the material of the straightjacket, he realizes. Pins-and-needles tear the insides of his arms apart, and in response he clenches his jaw. But those muscles are already tight, held into place by a plastic muzzle tied at the back of his head. He shifts angrily, calming his raging temper beginning to build.

They're keeping him bound and chained, a captive animal taken from the wild.

Bound in a straightjacket, he's been given a label. Murderer. Cannibal. Psychopath. He's now officially insane.

He cracks his eyes open, vision immediately landing on the armed police sat opposite him, separated by a mesh wall, both with shotguns clutched in their gloved fists and Tasers strapped in the thigh holsters. He's already been well acquainted with those weapons. Several times. He would have overpowered and fought the police off if it weren't for them.

Would have reached Will.

Could have gotten to his mate in time, freed him from the policeman's arms so they could destroy the other officers together. They would have had plentiful meals for months, along with the delightful kick that comes when they eat someone who would have hunted them while they lived.

That night could have been better than any other kill with Will. They could have fought together, be painted with the blood of the pigs they were slaughtering, could have mated in the aftermath of the kills, wild and covered in blood.

The day Will truly engages in a hunt with Hannibal will be poetic. The way he will take the pig's life with his hands, when blood stains his skin and coaxes the darkness within him from its shell. It will be more magnificent than even Shakespeare's sonnets, rival Keats' proclamations of love, of Browning's words of terrible love.

The halting of the vehicle stops his train of thought. The engine still runs, but the doors at the rear of the van (not a car like Hannibal thought) open to reveal more armed police. The ones opposite him stand up, opening the wire door between them to haul him up. Hannibal's legs are weak so he has to rely partly on the policemen to pull him from the van. It is a lethal blow to his pride.

As soon as he can, he stumbles along by himself. Immediately his eyes fall on the plane. The moderately sized aircraft with its steps lowered and more armed personnel waiting at the top and the bottom. Other Italian police officers flock around him and the pane, obscuring his vision of much else. He notices though, the plane is American, and private, and there are also American people armed, with SWAT printed on their backs in yellow.

His legs are stiff and unreliable, making him wobbly on his feet but they force him to go up the stairs to the plane faster than he would like, crackling the Taser behind him every time he stumbles. A warning, or simply an arrogant threat.

By the time Hannibal gets up the stairs, the burn in his legs begins to spread and increase, the pins-and-needles excruciating. Wrapped around his chest his arms go numb from the lack of use and make his breathing laboured. The muzzle fogs slightly on the inside, and the whistling sound of air passing through the ventilation holes is loud in his ears despite the busy atmosphere.

He's never heard of police taking a criminal from one country to another, unless it was to their country of origin. The plane is American so it's highly unlikely they're heading to Lithuania, and he can hear murmured voices, most of which are speaking in English.

The Italian police hand Hannibal over to the SWAT team, who take him inside the plane and force Hannibal into another cage, this time one with a heavy plastic chair inside bolted to the floor, with cuffs on the legs and armrests. He remains still and silent while they unbuckle the arms of the jacket from where they're locked to his body, all too aware of an Italian guard stood close with his Taser not too far from Hannibal's head. There's others crowded along the inside of the plane, and he notices that the Americans have more weapons. He's got to be careful.

Being shoved into the chair, the texture is hard and cold, uncomfortable to sit on. At least his arms are stretched out and hands relaxed, the weight has been taken off his feet.

When the SWAT strap him in, they exit and stand either side of the door. Curious. Hannibal would've thought that they would want to gloat and lock him up, like a dangerous animal confined to some tiny cage. Which is exactly what this is.

Soon enough, Hannibal can see what they're waiting for. A man who looks far too young to be commanding these agents walks towards him. He is mousy looking, appearing about Hannibal's age yet having fully grey hair already and a scruffy beard sparsely covering his chin. He reeks of Beta sweat unlike the officers told to use blockers. His watery blue eyes stare Hannibal down from where he's stood, feet touching the threshold of the cage but still keeping the door between them.

The man bends down and peers into Hannibal's eyes, mocking him. "I'd shake your hand, but right now you l do not think you can," he says, voice heavy with his Italian accent. He cocks his head, studying Hannibal, "my name is Rinaldo Pazzi. Italian police." He straightens, shoving his hands in his trouser pockets to further pronounce that he is standing, no cuffs around his arms or muzzle round his mouth. Rubbing salt in Hannibal's wounds.

"Do you know how we caught you, Mr Lecter?"

Despite his anger, Hannibal raises an eyebrow, polite as always.

Pazzi's eyes narrow, smirk tugging his weighty frown upwards. From his pocket, he pulls out the knife. Hannibal's knife. The knife he'd used on his last kill – the man who attacked Will.

Raising it to the light, Pazzi pretends to study it, reflecting light off the blade and into Hannibal's eyes. "I am sure you remember this, Mr Lecter," he purrs with his disgusting voice. "It's engraved with your name, after all." And Hannibal knows it to be true – even from this far he can read his title scored into the white gold. Pazzi eyes it for too long, then pockets it again. "You know, since the beginning your kills were ruthless, faultless and there was no mistakes." He looks Hannibal up and down. "One gets an impression that you are an expert on this. How long have you been killing, Mr Lecter?"

Only Chiyoh and himself know the answer to that.

He answers with a blank stare. He's in no position to answer, the muzzle strapped to his jaw terminating all verbal communication.

Pazzi hums, rolling his head back when he speaks again. "Mr Lecter, why did you slip up now? Why were your recent murders sloppy, with the latest the murder weapon on the scene?"

Hannibal can feel his tension rise, crackling in the air, moving in destructive waves towards Pazzi and his big mouth.

"It was that Omega, wasn't it?"

Hannibal's fists clench on the arms of the chair.

"The Omega who turned Il Mostro into some fucking poof?"

Hannibal's jaw tenses.

"That bitch in heat stinking out your apartment when we tracked you down?"

Hannibal would kill the man on the spot right now if he could. Police be damned, if he wasn't tied down and bars separating them then Pazzi would be a dead man. Snapping his neck is too kind, too quick. Bleeding out not painful enough. Maybe he would just resort to cooking the man up and feeding his own body to him, little by little.

But Hannibal is tied down in this fucking chair, and he can't even move. He strains on the cuffs for good measure so they creak, and lurch as far forward as he can. He hopes his burning glare shows enough.

Pazzi laughs. A nasally, dry thing that could make flowers wilt. It sounds like poison.

He hums again, staring into Hannibal's eyes with fake amusement. "He really is that important to you? Because I thought a killer like you would be heartless, incapable of loving or ever being loved back."

Before, the words wouldn't have hurt Hannibal. But now they do. This man had insulted Will over and over again. He would pay, Hannibal is certain.

Pazzi opens his mouth as if to say something more on the topic, but a guard steps up behind him to whisper in his ear and quiets him. Hannibal is thankful he won't have to listen to him much longer. Pazzi turns to leave, throwing his next words over his shoulder.

"I cannot tell you *exactly* where you are going, Mr Lecter, but I don't doubt you already know." He flashes a grotty smile. "Bon voyage, Il Mostro." And with that he turns his back and walks away.

Hannibal dimly hopes he leaves his knife on the plane. It was a good knife, excellent at removing organs neatly and not spoiling the meat.

He pays no attention to the new agents surrounding him, ignoring each curious or disgusted look from every one of them, content on escaping into his thoughts.

Soon enough, the engines roar louder, breaching the barricade of forts in his head. The plane begins to take off, speeding up until it leaves the ground, from the smooth jolt and tell-tale popping of Hannibal's ears. He's still in the chair, yet his fingers twitch nervously.

Breathing in deeper and relaxing his already calm heart rate, Hannibal seeks out Will in his memory palace. The smiling, stubborn Will with a mouth that is expert on teasing Hannibal. The mouth that also looks very good around his cock. He conjures Will up to sit beside him, so that Will is rubbing his thumbs over Hannibal's cheekbones, dusting a light kiss onto the tip of his nose and leaning in every so often to scent Hannibal.

“I’ll be with you soon,” memory palace Will says, “I’ll find you, I promise. Look for me, but *don’t* do anything stupid. Your ideas of what are good plans are definitely not good plans. Okay?” He raises an eyebrow, smirking lightly. “And try not to murder anyone unless you really are given no choice.”

Hannibal nods, gazing up at Will with hearts in his eyes.

“Listen,” Will says, leaning in to brush his lips over Hannibal’s, “I know that we’ve got no clue when we are going to see each other again. But I’ll still be your mate, you’ll still be mine. Remember that,” he says quietly.

It’s what Hannibal wants to hear.

Will kisses Hannibal on the lips, licking into his mouth. He pulls back, smile on his face as he smooths Hannibal’s hair down and cups his face in the palms of his hands. He stands, taking Hannibal by the hand and begins to lead him from the room they’re sat in. Will walks through corridors and down flights of stairs, the walls getting darker and looking progressively more abandoned as they walk. Pushing open a small wooden door Hannibal didn’t even know was there, he squeezes Hannibal’s hand clasped in his and pulls him through.

They emerge into what looks like a forest, with a large stream weaving its way through the centre. A dusty path winds down towards it where it stops on the edge of the bank. The trees are deciduous, but Hannibal doesn’t recall these from memory. The stream itself is wide but calm, a dark grey-blue in the crisp autumn sun.

Hannibal stands there, stunned. Since when was this in the depths of his memory palace?

As if reading his thoughts, Will laughs. “No, Hannibal. This is my version of your memory palace. Not a grand castle with towering arches, foyers, and banquet halls. This is my tranquil piece of headspace where I can escape.” He closes his eyes and the gentle breeze ruffles his hair. He heaves in a deep breath, a small smile gracing his features. “Here I can escape from the voices, in the safety away from the pendulum. I can simply close my eyes and wade into the quiet of the stream.”

He goes to do so, leading Hannibal down the trail so that they’re stood on the bank, feet inches away from the water. He doesn’t go in, choosing to watch the water flow by with Hannibal on the land instead.

They stand there with the gentle breeze whispering into their ears and the calm trills and whistles of birds making the woods nearby very much alive. Hannibal can understand why this is one of Will’s go to places for safety, to escape the voices of others occupying his head, the pressing war of emotions from each person he passes on the street. It’s a relaxing, quiet place and offers a small amount of respite to Will’s overactive brain.

Will deems their time in his sacred place is up. He turns to Hannibal, pulling him back towards the palace with their hands still linked.

The palace is large, ominous. Entirely different to what Hannibal thought it had looked like. It was like a replica of his family home, only set in a Gothic Horror novel, with the ancient

demons inside Hannibal's head as the inhabitants.

Entering the palace, Will leads them back up through the maze of secret entrances, winding stairways and narrow corridors. Behind them the places they'd walked became engulfed in shadow, making it impossible to seek out the stream again. Will gives Hannibal a knowing glance, and somehow he knows the stream will appear only if he needs it.

Eventually they come to a stop within the foyer. The Norman chapel in Palermo; severe, beautiful and timeless. They stand upon the skull crafted into the floor, with the golden arches rising up to support embellished ceilings above them.

It's peaceful here, a peace different to that in the stream. Here, there is the pressing reminder of their lives, the skull staring up at them imploring their return to the physical present. The peace is tense, straining and creaking under the weight of procrastinated reality.

Will turns to Hannibal, face fond but eyes sad. "You have to go," he says, weak smile on his lips. "You can visit me here, obviously. But go look for the real me, like I'm doing for you."

Hannibal hugs Will tightly, wrapping him up in a big hug. He leans down and kisses Will. "I love you, Will. I'll do anything I can to reunite us – nothing stupid, I know." He smiles at Will's raised eyebrow. They both know whatever he does will be stupid, something rash and chaotic.

Smiling, Will frees himself of Hannibal's grip, walking backwards slowly. "Remember, Hannibal. I love you," memory palace Will says.

And Hannibal's eyes flicker back open to the SWAT agents across from him on the plane. Ears still popped and buzzing, Hannibal closes his eyes and attempts to sleep his way through the rest of this plane ride.

*

They wheel him in on some hand truck specially designed for criminals, if the straps and buckles attached to it meant anything. The guards purposely, it seemed, steered the hand truck over every bump and pothole going into the asylum, sending jolts and violent lurches into Hannibal's bones.

'Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane' the sign read. Hannibal glimpsed it in the split second he was out of the van until he was wheeled behind towering grey walls. The building was tall, daunting. Looked like a castle. Fit for containing people 'like him,' then.

Still slightly dozy on drugs they'd used on him for the van ride, Hannibal has no way of remembering the route from the door to the cell they throw him in. Only the numerous heavy locks and the screeching of the door slamming shut behind him. The scrape of the hard stone

on his palms when he stumbles and falls – and how cold it is. The stone, the actual temperature, the harsh interior and few items in it.

Hannibal heaves himself onto the small, stained bed which smells of urine and weak disinfectant. He rests his elbows on his knees and hangs his head. Breathing in slow and deep, as if he were meditating, Hannibal can almost feel the drugs leave his body. It lightens his foggy head and sharpens his senses. The muscles throughout his body become more sensitive, obeying each electrical impulse from his brain.

With the drugs wearing off, the full extent of his situation completely dawns on Hannibal. Now that he could think clearly, he wasn't procrastinating this inner discussion, or simply that Will wasn't on his mind, the seriousness of his situation finally hits home.

He's in prison.

Somewhere he'd never thought he'd end up. Previously he'd always taken the utmost care when choosing his victims, killing them, and displaying them. He'd taught himself how to hunt properly. And it had worked. Only loyal Chiyoh knew of his escapades, so it was guaranteed he wouldn't be handed in. But then Will happened.

At the height of his rut. The first time he had lost control of himself, and the thing within him had escaped long enough to drag Will into his life. Will had changed his life *considerably*. For the better, if one excuses the odd occasions.

Occasions like the knife. The knife his aunt had given him *with his title engraved within the metal*. Because of it, it had lead the police to them like breadcrumbs. And it was Will's fault he had forgotten about the knife. But could he ever blame Will for it? It was his overpowering Alpha urges that had made him look after his Omega without sparing even a second for the cooling body of the pig and the knife embedded into it.

Either way, sooner or later, he would have given himself up – gotten *bored*. The game of cat and mouse with the police had gotten boring a long time ago, only the joys of killing and consuming were what had kept him going. He would've given himself up to Will, as Will would most likely be sent after Hannibal eventually, from what Hannibal could distinguish of Crawford from Will's tales.

Whatever the alternating events leading up to it, Will would have met Hannibal somehow. Whether it be sometime far in the future when they were older but Will was as gorgeous as ever, or if they met at some bar or opera, or even just Hannibal's own taking Will from America by injecting him with an assortment of tranquilizers. They would have met, would have realized they were something akin to the fables of true mates, would have discovered each other's potential so long as they were together.

Without the drugs, the pain of their separation is excruciating. Each thought ticking through his brain feeds the suffering, until it pulses through every fibre of his being. His body is simply a shell of how he was when Will walked by his side. Without Will, he was destroyed.

Distantly, he hears a clatter of plastic against plastic. Must be the food tray. Not like Hannibal cares and he certainly doesn't want it.

He immerses himself back into his sea of thoughts about Will. Memory palace Will offers no respite to the pain, only worsening it. His kind words and soft touches are painful reminders of the absence of the Will that should be with him instead. But isn't.

The pain is worsened whenever he feels something through the bond of Will. Recently it's been discomfort, loneliness, panic. Pain. Each of their feelings are reflections of their mate's; Hannibal sensing Will's pain equal to his own.

Hannibal spends days in his memory palace, only leaving when it's critical that he needs to eat only when he must. It thins the muscles in his body, the body fat lessening. He knows it's only been a short time and he's more underweight than he's ever been before, yet attempts nothing to remedy it.

He's hunched over on the bed when a noise breaks him from the trance inside his head.

It's the rapping of knuckles on the thick panels of glass at the front of his cell. He ignores it, attempting once more to seek out Will's stream in his memory palace. It's only when a voice barks his name that he allows his eyes to flick over to the glass.

A large man is stood beyond the glass, dark skin, ugly hair under his bottom lip, and wearing a cheap suit with a visitor's badge clipped onto the breast pocket. His dark eyes are blank and cold.

"Mr Lecter?" the man asks.

Hannibal doesn't bother replying just yet, searching his memory for where he'd heard that voice before.

"Crawford?" he growls lowly, but his voice has lost its edge as it comes out raspy with lack of use.

Crawford shifts, sliding his hands into his trouser pockets and flicking his eyebrows up. Whether it's in surprise or an affirmative is hard to tell. He cocks his head when he speaks again. "Lecter, I'm going to ask you a few questions."

Hannibal sighs quietly. He gets up, stretches his legs, and walks over to stand in front of Crawford. Crawford breathes in a little loudly when Hannibal stands up, "you need to eat more, that jumpsuit is hanging off you far too much."

"Concerned for a criminal, Agent?" Hannibal muses, eyebrow cocked.

"It's Special Agent, actually. And I'm simply concerned for my best profiler's health being put at risk if the thing he bonded to was the cause of it."

At the mention of Will from Crawford, Hannibal's fists clench and his jaw ticks. He suppresses a growl forming in his throat. It would not help him extract his much needed information.

"And how is Will?" he attempts to ask in a casual tone.

Crawford's lips twitch. He begins to pace slowly in front of Hannibal's cell. "I'll be asking the questions, thank you very much," he mutters. "I want you to tell me why you took Will, of all people. Why did you choose him, Mr Lecter?"

Hannibal hums. He wouldn't tell Crawford about Matthew Brown, chances are he already has that figured out. He reads into Crawford's question.

What made Will so different from the rest?

"What he has is pure empathy. He can assume your point of view, or mine and maybe some other points of view that may scare him. It's an uncomfortable gift." Hannibal studies Crawford closely. "You don't think that would be intriguing for people like me? A rarity who has the potential to see one's true self, not the visage of a monster?"

Jack Crawford looks positively livid. Hatred shines clear in his eyes, the lines in his face showing his apparent anger.

He steps closer to Hannibal's cell, past the safety line painted on the floor so he's merely inches from the glass barrier between them. They're equal in height, so the intense stare between them crackles with passive tension.

"Hear it from me, Lecter. What you've done to Will is undoable. He will forever remain your bond mate. But you're in here, caged like you should be." He leans closer, pulling his arms from where they're folded around his chest. The movement wafts his scent out towards Hannibal through the ventilation holes in the glass. The disgusting scent of his Alpha pheromones. But something else lingers too. It's barely there, but it's unmistakable.

Will's scent.

"You'll never see him again, bonded or not."

Hannibal throws himself against the glass, commanded by his boiling rage. He claws at the barrier, trying to reach through it as if he could pull the weak scent of his beloved Will closer to him. He growls loud and menacing, hoarseness in his voice long gone, at this other man who had been in Will's company just before he had been in Hannibal's. Pushing his hand through the ventilation hole at his waist height, he reaches out to Crawford as far as he can, swiping with his claws. Words fail him, only an assortment of growls and snarls making it past his lips.

Crawford steps back to avoid Hannibal's swings, surprise clear on his face. He stands there, eyes wide until the guards at the other end of the corridor arrive. The guards move quickly, using their Tasers on Hannibal's arm and anywhere they can reach through the ventilation holes.

Before Hannibal sees black, he sees Crawford's face peering down at him with a look of loathing. He breathes in all he can of Will's sweet scent. Then everything does go black.

*

He wakes in a new cell.

The old one was at the end of a corridor of cells, noise from other inmates travelled and security guards would wander up and down. The walls were a grey stone, cold and unfriendly. The cell itself was small, maybe ten by eight feet in size, with a bed in the far corner and a toilet opposite it. Looking out to the corridor were metal bars that stretched to the ceiling, with a glass wall in the centre so that the bars were on either side of it.

This new cell is larger, no longer on the end of a block but one single room, a glass wall splitting it in half. It has smaller but many more ventilation holes than the last one, all at knee and chest height. The interior walls are covered in hard, off white plaster, with a few stains here and there. Like the old cell, this one only has a bed and a toilet within it.

Sitting up with a groan, Hannibal eases his tired muscles into complying to his commands. He looks down, noticing the new white jumpsuit instead of the orange one he had before.

Pulling up the sleeves on his arms to his elbows, Hannibal studies the marks on his forearms. There are six of them, meaning he was jabbed with a Taser three times. He grunts, running his fingers over the welts lightly and sighs.

He twists his head to look back at the rest of the cell, but stops immediately. There's a flare up of pain at the back of his neck, itchy and sore.

Hannibal rubs it, finding a small nick next to his bonding gland, below the hairline. Perfect shape for a needle.

Recently in worldwide news, there has been revelations over a new drug. A drug that can terminate the bond between a mated couple, with no side effects. Normally, a bond can only be broken if one member of the bonded couple passes away, but even then it is common knowledge that the sole surviving mate will follow soon after.

The 'saviour drug' they are calling it.

To form a bond only one party must bite the other, so Hannibal doesn't wear Will's scar. Nevertheless, it is there, invisible. They are bonded.

But after Hannibal's outburst, it is certain Crawford doesn't see Hannibal fit to be Will's mate. It is unquestionable that Crawford wants his best profiler back, his *fine china*.

Hannibal doesn't doubt Crawford is a man that will do anything to get what he wants.

Even if it means breaking a bond of an unwilling couple.

Heart racing, breaths quickening, Hannibal paces the short length of his cell, hand clasped against his bonding gland, tips of his fingers digging into the wound, as if he could seal it off and prevent the bond from escaping.

Calming himself down, Hannibal sits on the edge of the bed, heaving in deep breaths and letting the tension seep from his muscles.

He takes a deep breath as if about to dive, and enters his memory palace.

It is barren, empty. Void of Will's presence. Usually, even if Will is asleep, it feels like there's an affectionate entity walking the halls with him, in possession of Will's deep blue eyes and peeking over his shoulder, whispering softly into Hannibal's ear.

But now there is nothing. *Nothing*. It's as if a curtain has been lowered, separating and obscuring them from one another. No emotions, no triggered senses. Just a buzz of white static. Even when he was under the drugs, he could feel a rise of something. That something belonged to Will, whether it be the pain or the distress. It would appear fleetingly, then vanish immediately, all that would be left in its wake a memory, linger like smoky tendrils from an extinguished flame.

Hannibal screws his eyes shut, breathing deeply in an attempt to reach out to him.

Nothing happens.

If he had enough energy, Hannibal would growl. Roar, yell, howl at the heavens. His boundless rage, the slight panic and concern, his anxiety. All of it would emerge in a torrent of anger, a storm unleashed on the people who separated them. He would be an indestructible force with one destination. He would be a lethal creature seeking out one thing only. And only then would he be calmed by Will.

Instead, he sits on the bed, head in his hands, and begins to plan an escape from the prison.

*

Two weeks later.

The woods around him are dark, cold. A mist weaves its way through the trees, cloaking the ground and transforming saplings into shadowy spectres. The full moon shines down, illuminating the towering oaks and cedars into colossal beasts with fangs and claws. A barn owl screeches in the distance, and a colony of bats flutter menacingly through the tree canopy.

It looks like it has just been pulled from one of those stereotypical horror movies where Slender Man or other villainous monsters lurk, he thinks.

Nonetheless, he trudges off through the woods, following a worn, winding trail. As he walks, he begins to recognize things; the familiar knots in a tree trunk, the distinctive twist in ivy limbs clinging to a sycamore, the abandoned rabbit burrow nestled beneath a honeysuckle bush. He takes the left fork in the trail where it meets the stream, knowing the right one leads into thicker woodland.

The trees begin to thin, clearings and flowering plants more common. He edges around tree trunks, watching golden lights in the distance enlarge until they are no longer pinpricks on the horizon. He leaves the forest behind, beginning to stumble through marsh and grassland as he is drawn towards the lights, just like a moth.

They belong to a house, every light glowing brightly like a little boat out at sea.

He edges ever closer still, eyes focused on the lights and with even paces, walking in a trance-like fashion. Every step drains more effort from him, the ground sucking his feet to it as if he were wading through mud. It becomes harder to move as he closes in on the house.

The lights intensify, making the night behind him blacker than ever. They glow bright white, but they immediately cut out when he steps onto the decking of the porch.

His feet clunk on the wood as he pulls himself to the first window, thigh muscles straining. Pressing his nose to the glass, he peers into his living room. Dimly, he can make out the out of tune piano against the far wall, the fireplace and the desk with his fishing equipment scattered on its surface in front of him.

He manages to make his way inside, sweat beginning to stick his clothes to his body when he pushes open the door to the kitchen. Immediately, his eyes fly to the two figures there.

A large man with dark skin stands in the centre of the floor, his massive presence filling the room like liquid. A lanyard hangs around his neck, clipped to an identity card reading FBI. He holds a pistol in his outstretched arm, pointing it towards a man kneeling below him on the floor.

The man has his wrists bound behind his back with cable ties, head bent and angling his eyes up in a glare. Blood leaks from the corner of his mouth and there is a black bruise beneath one eye, the red and dark purple a stark contrast to the tan of his skin. He mocks the man above him with a sneer plastered on his face and eyes of defiance.

He speaks to the man standing above him, but no sound escapes from his mouth. He must have said something daring, because the man with the gun steps closer, his fingers visibly tightening on the trigger.

The onlooker creeps forward, falling to his knees under the extreme weight of gravity pulling on his body. He knows he's running out of time to save the man on the floor, but no matter how loud he shouts or how hard he screams, it's as if his voice box has been ripped out – his efforts are useless.

On the floor, the man faces his fate, leaning towards the barrel of the gun.

The onlooker howls his name.

And Hannibal looks, recognition crossing his face, just as the gunshot rings loud –

Will wakes, screaming Hannibal's name into the empty room.

Hunched over on the bed, his lungs heave in air erratically, his heart pounding deep in his ribcage mirrors the speed of his breathing. The blankets are twisted around his legs, pulling him down like the waves would a drowning sailor.

Adrenaline runs thick through his blood, the remnants of fear still in his veins. Trembling violently, Will pulls his hands to his face, wiping away the sweat on his forehead and rubbing at his eyes, trying to claw out the image of Hannibal's still body behind them.

The nightmares are every time he sleeps, dark terrors invading his dreams, setting his brain on fire and turning his body into liquid.

When they'd first taken him off the sedatives and his bond with Hannibal was strong, inside his head had been chaos. His sleep had been governed with him walking through the halls of Hannibal's memory palace, lost in the maze with only the terrifying stag for company.

On the days their bond would feel strongest, every fibre of his being was being pulled towards an invisible speck on the horizon, where the wendigo would lurk in the shadows and watch him. Sometimes it would chase him and Will would run, even though there was something familiar in the bottomless darkness of those eyes.

The nightmares now make his pulse rise, his heart ache. All for Hannibal, who's been separated from him for sometime over a month.

Shaking thoughts of the nightmare from his head, he extricates himself from the blankets, peeling off the shirt clinging to his body with cold sweat that works like glue and stumbles out of the bed.

He goes the few steps to the sink, twisting the tap and splashing his face with the cold water that pours out in rivulets through the whining pipes. He pats water onto the bond mark on the side of his neck, soothing the burning skin.

Since their separation, the mark that connects him to Hannibal has itched and burned as if a rash grew there. When he complained about it, they had given Will injections – which he had refused but they had forced the needle into his body. Now, the bond seemed weaker. Only when Hannibal's emotions were strongest could he feel them. At any other time they were like a dull whisper beneath his skin, and no matter how hard he tried he could never understand them.

And now is no different.

Knees weak, arms trembling, Will grips onto the sink, watching droplets of water fall from his face in the near darkness, his eyes adjusting rapidly. Panting breath slowing and heart rate calming, he clears his mind of the dream. It wasn't real, he chants in his head. *It wasn't real*.

He glances back through the bathroom door at the digital clock on the bedside table. Just past half four. He won't be able to fall back asleep now, so there's no point trying.

After relieving himself and pulling on some cleaner clothes, Will knots his laces tightly and heads to the front door of the apartment. As per Jack's orders, an armed, undercover SWAT

agent is waiting outside. Will's been told there are some watching every window and door into the apartment, and he doesn't doubt that there are more scattered around the area.

The woman at the door is disguised in everyday clothes – most likely a bulletproof vest beneath her layers – not the SWAT uniform Will expected her to be clad head-to-toe in. She radios in Will's request of going to the nearby dog park and doesn't make any comment on how early it is, or if she heard Will in his nightmare, only nods towards the SUV when getting an affirmative through the walkie-talkie.

Conversation non-existent, Will entertains himself watching the streetlamps pass in the darkness to the rhythmic thrum of the engine. In the shadows behind every light, he half expects to see the familiar figure of a monster with crooked fangs and adoring eyes. He hopes Hannibal can feel the gaping hole in his heart.

When they arrive, the dull morning sky shines a pale mixture of blues and pinks, lit up by the autumn sun still hidden behind the horizon. A hazy fog loosely blankets the ground, stretching out as far as the eye can see. Will climbs out of the vehicle, feet landing on grey gravel. It crunches beneath his feet as he walks, muffled slightly by the fog. The sound of his paces immediately stop when his feet come into contact with the soft grass. Early morning dew coats it with a glittering sheen, as if painted with silver.

The agent stays at the vehicle, keeping Will within eyesight. He knows she'll follow him if he goes too far – or use the gun hidden beneath her coat.

Will meanders through the park, enjoying the crisp air, moist with rain that hasn't fallen yet. It reminds him of Florence. He walks along the circuit of the park, hands shoved deep in his coat pockets, keeping a close eye on the agent watching him, and the forest behind the fence on the edge of the park.

He walks closer to the fence, muscles tensing with anticipation. This may be his only chance to escape from where he's being held captive. He's within a metre or so of the park boundary, on the edge of the agent's vision. He has two options now.

Fight or flight.

He chooses flight. Leaping towards the fence, he curls his fingers around the wire and boosts himself with his legs, using them to propel him forward. Being downwind of the SUV, he can smell the approaching agent clearly. Through the fog, he hears the crackle of a walkie-talkie. The tell-tale click of a gun being cocked hasn't sounded yet.

Managing to clamber over the top of the mesh fence, he lands on limbs trembling with excitement, darting off immediately into the forest. He doesn't know where it goes. He knows he's in Baltimore, but doesn't recognize this place. Probably not the best idea to run into the middle of the woods, then.

It's better than being locked away with a SWAT team posted at every entrance and exit of a house that isn't even his, he thinks.

If his bond with Hannibal hasn't been altered in any way, it might lead him to Hannibal. A game of Hot or Cold, a GPS system. If that's even how bonds work. The only experience he'd had with his own bond had been during his heat, so he was still pretty much uneducated.

Sprinting as fast as he can, Will follows a path into the woodland, where luckily the trees soon thicken. He hazards a glance behind him to check for the agent. She is following him, hot on his heels and not looking as if she's slowing anytime soon.

From what Will can see of her expression, she's fuming. Her determination to catch Will is evident, but from the lines on her face and the steel in her eyes the rage is written clear. Will doesn't bother to see if it's from his escape, her own incompetence, or just being prejudiced towards him. Whatever the reason, she would look better with eyes glazed over and staring into nothingness, lying in a pool of her own blood.

Eyes forward again, Will diverges from the trail, attempting to shake off the guard. He weaves between bushes of stinging nettles and thickets of bramble, dodging trunks of beech and maple. Foliage clings and tears at his clothes and skin, tousling his hair and snagging his boots. Gnarled roots take the job of animal traps, curling around his foot to successfully bring him to the ground. With a sharp cry Will falls, landing on his palms on the floor of dead leaves and wilting grass.

Will twists to where his foot is lodged in the root of a large oak, hidden beneath a veil of fallen leaves. He pries his foot from the tree's clutches, taking care to let only a low grunt slip from his throat.

If Hannibal were here, he would scold Will for making such a mistake. *Now now, William,* he would whisper into his ear with hot breath and his silver tongue, *An unfortunate slip in the game you're playing. What's to be done about that?*

He hoists himself upwards so he's standing, knee bent to ease the pressure on his injured leg – it's a sprain, possibly a fracture from the pain shooting up his leg every time he walks on it. He makes do, hobbling forward and keeping close to the covering of shrubbery, this time taking care to assess where he plants his feet.

Breath labouring, Will stumbles forward into a clearing – a careless mistake. A different member of the SWAT team is on the other side, scanning the trees. Will drops to the floor behind the width of a large tree trunk. He lands with slightly too much force, a rustle of dry leaves and snap of breaking twigs blaring loud in the silent air. Any person accustomed to an autumn forest would detect that, easily. Or someone hunting another human. Will lets his head fall back against the wood, squeezing his eyes shut and holding his breath.

The sound of footsteps sound right behind him when the guard steps onto the crunching leaves from the soft grass, startling Will into opening his eyes. The guard stands tall above him, expressionless face staring down at Will.

Will immediately is angry at him. The man is just staring, pointing his pistol at Will while his other hand hovers above the walkie-talkie strapped to his hip.

So close to freedom, Will decides he cannot give up just yet.

The man twists the radio from where it's clasped to his hip, bringing it to his mouth and holding it close. His eyes flicker away, only for a second, and Will takes the opening.

He pushes himself up onto his good leg and knocks the pistol away from him. It goes off, a loud bang blasting through Will's eardrums, shattering his hearing into a buzz of white noise. The gun is knocked to the ground, along with the radio. Will uses his momentum to knock the man backwards a little, taking his feet off the floor to attempt to topple the man further.

The man's arms swing at Will, who attempts to doge them, save for a few which hit his sides in an attempt to wind him. He manages to claw his way further up the body, and claws down the man's face, raking his claws down a second time to blind him.

Blood weeping from his eyes in rivulets, the man pushes at Will with weak arms. Will, ever a fan of Hannibal's work, twines his way around the living corpse's torso, clutching onto him and rips out his jugular with his novice fangs, bloodlust only now identified.

He gulps down the coppery taste of the man's blood. It is sharp and tangy, Will identifies by scent the prey is an Alpha. He wonders whether Hannibal can distinguish secondary genders even by taste, and if eventually he will?

His vision turns a hazy black, the blood momentarily extinguishing all rational thoughts from his brain and transforming it into the vision of his monster.

After a while he looks up, noticing movement of feet edge into his vision. He bares his teeth, dull Omega fangs covered in a thick coating of blood. And his head rears up to face the group of three or so people from the SWAT unit, with more rushing through the trees in the distance.

All with their guns trained on Will, fear, horror and determination shining in their eyes.

Will would rather be dead than be cooped up under Jack's command, so he lunges forward, energy nearly spent, muscles protesting. Some part of him wishes for a finger to slip and a bullet to end up in his head, but another wants to hold out, become a survivor. Kill again. Find Hannibal.

Instead, he ends up with a Taser to the chest.

*

He's strapped to a bed when he comes to, wrists and ankles bound to the hard hospital bed with padded restraints. There's a heart monitor and an IV hooked up to his arm, bandages wrapped around his ankle. From the way his head is a foggy jumble, and feeling as if he's floating on a cloud, he thinks it's morphine. He hopes it is.

The room he's in reeks of disinfectant and stale air. The blinds are partly drawn, only slivers of light illuminating the off-white walls. It highlights the cracks in the wallpaper and the

peeling paint on the ceiling. Shadows are cast out from the light, twisting and curling behind furniture and creeping along the walls. Though he can't see the floor, Will kind of expects bloodstains to be soaked into the wood or staining the lino.

Will shifts slightly, attempting to prop himself up on the pillows. Through a parting in the hospital gown, two angry looking red welts mark his chest. Taser wounds. If the buzz of morphine wasn't running through his blood, the pain they give off must be horrendous.

The morphine doesn't work on his head though. A throbbing ache pounds on the inside of his cranium, drilling through his bones. The pain works as a distraction to the emptiness that it conceals. As if it were a concert hall, vast with room for an orchestra, its dancers, and its audience – but now it's silent and abandoned, dust settling in the aftermath of Hannibal's absence.

If he thought he could, he would let his eyes well up with tears that wouldn't be shed. An apology to Hannibal for somehow letting their bond be severed, letting it get weaker by the day, even if it wasn't his choice. Even though they hadn't had a chance to live with it together happily, or for very long.

He longs to clutch Hannibal's hand in his, feel Hannibal's breath on the skin of his neck, listen to the moan he utters when he sinks his teeth into Hannibal's lip…

He doesn't even know if Hannibal is alive.

Locked in the barren confines of his own head, Will doesn't hear the door open or the echoing sound of someone in high heels approach his bed. He doesn't feel the slight chill on his skin in the shape of a shadow. It takes the soft brush of fingers on his palm to rouse him from his sleepless slumber. He blinks, looking up into the dull light and wanting to see Hannibal blocking the weak sun.

It's not.

Alana Bloom stands there, his former psychiatrist, his old friend, clothed in one of those tight dresses designed to accentuate her curves, her brown hair flowing over her shoulder, with a pursed mouth and pitying eyes.

Will just blinks at her, not bothering to paint a smile onto his face or veil a twitching frown.

Her lips tighten even more at Will's lack of greeting. She scans her eyes around the room, hands nervously smoothing her dress along her thighs. Her Beta scent is complimented with a seductive perfume. Her attraction to him is still clear, no matter how hard she tries to hide it by forcing her body language to relax.

Meeting a resolve within her own head she levels her eyes at Will's, who simply ignores the pressing expression on her face and in her eyes, choosing to look through her.

"Will." She says, voice quiet, pleading. He doesn't acknowledge her words. She huffs, "Will, I've come here to talk – at least show me you're listening." He does, angling his head

towards her and lifting his eyes to the space just over her shoulder, only because of the friendship they used to have. It could be useful in the future.

“Where am I?” he asks, cutting her next words off. His voice is hoarse when he speaks, not having been used properly since Florence. As much as he’d like to play games with her, knowing his own whereabouts is crucial if they’re going to keep him here, if he can plan an escape.

Alana visibly hesitates, swallowing and casting her eyes away from Will. Maybe she’d been told not to disclose any information to Will? But Alana had always wanted the best for him, she had a soft spot for him.

“The FBI’s medical unit. Jack thought it too… risky to have you anywhere else.” *Anywhere he can’t keep an eye on you*.

She looks back up at him again, her eyes darting to the scar on his neck, and a frown tugs on the corner of her lips. She looks away before it’s considered impolite.

Her reaction to his bond mark infuriates him. Will turns his head, making her eyes dart to his neck, fully exposed, showing off the scar from Hannibal’s teeth. Hannibal’s *claim*.

“You’ve been asleep for just over twenty four hours. Before the effects of the Taser wore off the SWAT team sedated you, to transport you here and for some doctors to… check your health.” She hesitates on the last word, maybe withholding some knowledge.

She clasps her hands in front of her, wringing them slightly as if she were praying. “You killed someone yesterday, Will.” Her voice is flat, emotionless. Disbelieving.

Will raises his eyes, sees the fear and caution within hers.

He breathes in deeply through his nose, making his point clear along with his words. “I don’t want to be here, Alana.” He says her name slowly, and rolls his next words over his tongue, the sharp flavour of spite and bitterness resting on his palette. “If Jack wants to keep me chained up here to have me used as he sees fit, be his puppet again, I won’t have it. I’ll escape – even death would be a relief.”

He studies her eyes closely, watches the hurt sizzle and flourish behind newly built forts. “Whether I take a life or not is beginning to hardly matter to me.”

Her lips part in shock, and a furrow forms between her brows. “Where’s the Will I used to know? Before all this happened?” she whispers, gesturing wildly to the restraints on will’s wrist or the wounds on his chest. His bond mark too, probably.

“Should have just left me in Italy,” he mutters.

Alana’s hysterical laugh startles him into looking at her. It’s high pitched and wild, cut off by her aggrieved and pained words.

“Just have left you in Italy?” she shrieks, “leave you bound to that *monster*, that- that thing? Who murdered countless people, who could most likely have been the reason for the

disappearance of so many others." She stares at him, whites of her eyes visible, shaking her head, breathing heavy and shallow. Her eyebrows furrow again, pitying. "You didn't have to bond with him Will, you could have called me or Jack, even the Italian police."

She pauses, pity and sorrow dripping off her next words in the shape of barbed, poisoned arrows.

"*We would have helped you*."

Her words light a spark within him that flares and transforms into a boiling, seething storm of rage and fury.

Will knows his eyes flash with it, because Alana leans away from him with fresh frown lines carved into her skin. He rattles the restraints on his wrist for extra measure, adding to the message he intends to get across into her dull brain.

"I bonded with him, Alana, out of my own free will." He snarls, baring his fangs, aggressive towards her like he'd never been before. It has the desired effect; she stumbles backwards a pace, crosses her arms over her chest, defensive, as if she can ward away Will and his words with one movement.

The tension between them crackles loud in the same way humid air does before a thunder storm. The silence stretches on, tense and heavy.

Alana breaks it, sending it shattering into thousands of pieces with her sharp voice, tipped with deadly venom. "He's turned you into a monster. You're no better than the things you used to catch," she says, quietly with horror.

Will doesn't deny it.

She shakes her head as if breaking out of a trance. "Jack's coming in next, and he'll be much less forgiving than me," she says with a curl of her lip – probably the meanest expression she's ever pointed at Will.

Will watches her turn away and walk towards the door, hesitating when her fingers brush the handle lightly. "If I don't see you again, goodbye Will."

The door slams shut behind her, the noise loud, reverberating throughout the room. She leaves Will alone with his thoughts, with the anger surging through his bones.

How dare she. Insulting Hannibal and himself.

If they hadn't been close before Hannibal kidnapped him, he'd be planning how to kill her, how to elevate her into art. If Hannibal was here with him, he'd tell him to start thinking of which organs would be best to peel from her body and craft into a delicious meal.

He grinds his teeth together, an itch beginning to build up where the Taser welts are. He closes his eyes and waits for Jack to appear.

And he does, door swinging open loudly and echoing steps announcing his arrival. Not to mention the cloud that seems to spread and dampen Will's already foul mood, the dreary, serious cloud Jack always carries with him as if chained to him.

The footsteps halt at the foot of Will's bed. Will almost expects to hear them tapping in retaliation to his being ignored, which only make him seal his eyes tighter so that he doesn't have to look at Jack.

Jack wastes no time in getting straight to the point.

"Will." He says, voice gruff. "Why did you murder that SWAT agent?"

Ah, starting off nice and civil. He wants Will to warm up to him.

Opening his eyes, Will glares up at Jack, not masking the disgust and resentment there.

"Hello to you too," he says, voice drawling and bored. He knows he's being a shit already, and the look on Jack's face is just brilliant when he knows this conversation won't be straightforward.

Will leans back, pulling on the cuffs around his wrists unintentionally. He frowns. "If you take these off me then I'll answer your questions," he mock bats his eyelashes at Jack, smirking smugly when a pause followed by a quick "what the hell" is muttered under his breath and all the cuffs are unbuckled.

"I'll ask you again," Jack begins, pointing his finger menacingly at Will, "I want answers. Truthful ones. Now, why did you kill the SWAT agent?"

There's no point in trying to lie to Jack, Will decides. He doesn't want to. His words are as sharp as any knife.

"I wanted to go back. I wanted to not be cooped up inside that shitty motel any longer–"

"We talked about this, if you had been well behaved and done everything I asked then I would consider letting you off house arrest. Maybe let you leave the FBI, so long as you had someone monitoring you."

He had said that, the meeting they'd had nine days (or so he'd been told) after he'd been brought back to America. He'd told Will to behave and not to try any 'funny business' or else he'd be kept in house arrest forever or move him into a cell. And Will had followed the rules set for two weeks, until the walls in the motel room were closing in on him and the stuffy air clogged his windpipe.

Jack had said, too, that if those *punishments* didn't mean anything to Will, then he was going to wherever Hannibal was and 'find out some way to get rid of this bond.'

Will is half scared he's the reason their bond became faulty.

Will's gaze falls to the rumpled sheets of the bed and he stares hard at it while Jack talks. He rubs his wrists, "Jack," he says, exasperated, "I'm no use to you. Alana isn't allowing me to

go back to the field, and–"

"And so you're going to remain in house arrest until you are fit to go back into the field or we can find out that your bond with this cannibal has been broken."

Will just stares at him.

"*What*?"

That's what the itching at the back of his neck is. The sting from multiple needles opening and re-opening a wound into the artery there. The artery that allows the bonding gland to function normally – it's been tampered with. By the new drug, the one that FBI officials were looking into.

"You used the new drug on me?"

No. They used it on Hannibal too. To double the likeliness of the drug working.

To his credit, Jack looks spooked enough about what he'd said just as much as Will is. Who wouldn't? To break a mated couple's bond through chemical or physical means is against the law, with extreme punishments. It would undoubtedly be the end of Jack's time at the BAU.

Jack hesitates when he speaks next, "Will. I can't tell you what fluids have been put into your body, other than the morphine in your system now," he says, gesturing to the IV.

His voice had lost its edge, no longer commanding and fierce. It's quiet, and the authority in it has slipped away.

He sighs, rubbing a hand over his face. "I know that you're upset by this. But I need to know about the murders, Will." He steps away from the bed, putting distance between Will and himself.

But Will can't move, can't speak. He can only stare at the rails at the foot of the bed, looking beyond that and into nothing. He wants to look beyond this room, to find Hannibal with his eyes, with his bond. He wants to go back to Florence, where they were happy together, away from people like Jack who don't care about them.

"Will?" Jack had been saying something, but the mention of his name snaps Will out of his daze to stare into the eyes of a real monster.

Looking into Jack's eyes is as if a switch has been flipped. The rage from Alana's visit had become a slow sizzle, ready to ease off. But now it eats up Jack's words like fuel, contorting and changing into a boiling storm of anger.

With a snarl, Will leaps from the bed, bowling into Jack and knocking him into the floor. He raises his fists, bringing them down upon Jack's head, a howl tearing from his throat with every blow.

Jack, who hadn't expected Will's reaction, can do nothing more than raise his hands in a futile attempt to block the blows raining down on his head. But he is an Alpha, much larger

and stronger than Will is.

He uses his legs to propel their bodies to the side, rolling them so that he is above Will. Teeth grinding in concentration, he grabs at Will's wrists in an attempt to restrain him. Folding them against Will's chest proves successful, and he lowers more of his body weight onto Will's thighs so that he doesn't get kicked.

With a howl of desperation, Will bucks one more time to throw Jack off him, to no avail. Eyes wild, he rears his head and clamps down on Jack's forearm with his teeth.

Jack's cry of pain is more satisfying to him than Will would ever admit to.

The fresh taste of blood in his mouth is delicious, increasing his new, ever present bloodlust and feeding the darkness within him.

He'd let the darkness grow within him, the light in Will's soul be consumed by the writhing mass of shadows in an offering. He would feed the thing the blood of his kind, let his body harbour the darkness until it grew strong and powerful.

Then, he would cut his own body open to pull the darkness from the cavity within his ribcage. With bloody hands he would take it in the clutches of his hands, raising them to Hannibal and give him his gift of the monster within Will. The monster that Hannibal had roused from its slumber and coaxed into action.

Heaving a bellow from his lungs, Will somehow manages to throw Jack's bulk off him. He clambers to his feet and watches Jack cower on the floor, the man staring into his eyes with a look of horror.

The security burst through the door before Will can make a move.

There's too many for Will to count, and they surround him in the small room easily. They fan over to where Jack lies on the floor and help him up quickly.

Will just glares at them and the guns pointed at him.

"Cuff him to the bed again." Jack's voice is hoarse, clearly shaken up from Will's attack on him. As soon as the security move to do that, he leaves the room, pace uneven and hurried.

Blood still dripping down his chin from his mouth, Will closes his eyes and savours the adrenaline ebbing away from his bloodstream.

He leans back into the pillows of the bed, shoulders relaxing enough to let him enter his memory palace.

The clamorous chorus of birds in the trees is a welcome relief to him, where they dance upon the crisp autumn air. A mockingbird's harmony sings louder than the others, a relaxing tune that Will is familiar with.

His eyes flutter closed as he releases all tension from his body, the pressure of the forever moving stream welcome against his wader-clad legs. His breathing evens out further, heart

rate slowing and concentration sharpening his focus to a finely-tuned point.

Raising his arms in a loop above his head, he casts the line out into the centre of the stream, far away from him, wriggling bait welcoming its death on the end of the fly.

Will can relate to the worm he hitched to the hook – feeling a lot like his time is running out until Jack or himself finalizes his death. Whether it be done by Jack's booming voice commissioning him to be his puppet, or his own doings to land himself with a bullet buried deep in his flesh or a knife severing his arteries.

Will cracks an eye open to peer at the castle sitting high on the far bank.

He sees it tower tall against the forest at its feet, notices the grey of its walls a harsh contrast to the greens of the landscape and the blue of the sky.

At the very end of the ridge where it is sat before it succumbs to the forest, there is a figure. A figure tall and black with antlers that Will knows is the wendigo, not seen since the day he last felt his connection with Hannibal.

Will leans his head back and smiles.

Chapter End Notes

Jack. What a nob.
And yeah, poor Murder Husbands :(

Thanks for bearing with this fic!! These comments are giving me life, so thank you!!

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

> sorry about the wait. your comments inspired me to continue this fic. hope you liked the update :)

A Long Time Later

Will stares at the table, eyes unfocused and drifting across the grimy, tea ringed surface of the ash wood. He stares and stares, the occasional blink forming a pattern of some warped Morse code. He thinks erratically about things as he stares at the table, fleeting ideas crossing his mind before being disregarded or stored in his memory palace to analyse later.

He stares and he thinks and he plans.

He thinks about the plan needed to free both himself and Hannibal. He knows the ins and outs of the law, knows how simple it would be to free Hannibal from whatever prison they've locked him up in. Will would know how to shut down the alarms, where to meet without causing little suspicion – it could be done easily if only Will wasn't also a prisoner and Hannibal's whereabouts unknown.

It is beginning to look far more difficult to free either of them than Will had originally thought.

Hannibal's absence has chipped away at the inside of Will, along his spine and through the cavern of his cranium. Inside his chest is a vast hollow, empty and grey, dust settling and cobwebs lining crevices that are visited by ghosts of light and warmth in the shape of amber eyes and a fond grin.

The separation feeds off Will like a parasite, a slow plague poisoning the creature bred from Hannibal's influence. It feels like something akin to heartache, and it is, in a way. The pain from this should be like the tearing of flesh from the body, like antlers piercing the skin and growing tall. But the pain is mellowed from drugs fed unknowingly into Will's blood.

Will can do nothing more than to ease the throbbing by drowning in an ocean of alcohol, burying the hurt deep in the ground, warding it off with a nightmarish stag in his sleep.

In the dull house where he's kept prisoner, he aches. Trembling fingers clutch at the shreds of his hope, his resistance. But resignation and grief approach in the impending tidal wave that will wash over him, wind its way through his ears, his nose and mouth, bury itself deep within him and fill the place where Hannibal should sit.

The house is dark, curtains drawn shut that are as much for privacy as they are to keep Will from glancing outside – since his prolonged separation from Hannibal, the sight of a couple walking along the street seem to make bile rise in the back of his throat.

He has also taken to ordering beer and whiskey by the box from the nearest superstore. So often that Jack forced every agent that waits outside Will's door – his jailers – to spend the time after the bulk deliveries monitoring Will's intake, even if that meant watching him swallow every drop. Much to the disgust of both prisoner and jailer.

The boxy television in the corner of the room is playing the all-day news channel, volume high enough to drown out the howling from inside Will's head, the clop of the stag's cloven hooves, the wendigo's enticing voice.

Will had found the packet of cigarettes Hannibal had smoked during their time in Florence stashed inside a jacket Will had taken to wearing, even after the smell of his mate no longer lingered. It was a comfort, wearing one of Hannibal's coats, most had been left in Florence. And he could almost trick his brain into believing the heavy weight was Hannibal's arm slung around his shoulders, or his chin tucked close to Will's neck with the press of his body along Will's back.

He misses Hannibal.

It's the same packet of cigarettes that Will clutches in his hand as he sits across from the television with the greasy coffee table in between, concocting a plan as to how to reunite him and his mate.

Will leans back into the dirty cushions of the armchair, eyes focusing on the ceiling instead. He rubs his neck, running his fingers over the null bond mark there. He traces the scar with his fingers, memorising the grooves and ridges there of Hannibal's teeth. Applying light pressure with his nails, he hopes for some semblance of the pleasure he would get from Hannibal's teeth there. He listens for any foreign feeling rising in his chest.

Nothing.

Sighing, he scratches at his chin and along his jaw, palms scritching along the rough hair growing through – he's let himself grow out his beard. It makes him appear older without his boyish looks, and grows towards the bond mark on his neck, highlighting it but making the edges fuzzy, destroying any looks of being damaged it might have.

He pulls a cigarette from the box and lifts it to his lips, calming himself with the familiar motion associated with Hannibal. He does not light it. That would leave him with only one of Hannibal's cigarettes left, and he wants to save them for their reunion.

In the darkness of the living room, painted grey from closed curtains and unlit lamps, Will does not stir from where he lies in the threadbare chair. He has not left the house in days, weeks, months. He does not know how long it's been – the days have stretched on, and merged into one.

He has only gotten up to go to the bathroom and eat only when his body demanded it. Sleep is rare, filled with comforting horrors and the vanishing presence of his mate, lingering in the air like wispy smoke. He has not seen the agents posted around the house and the wider area, and has not made any contact with them, Alana or Jack. He wonders if they think he's dead, or missing. No one has come to check.

He's glad.

Heaving himself up, he stumbles from the chair, tucking the cigarette back into its box and cradling it between loose fingers. Ambling into the bedroom, he plucks an almost empty whisky bottle from where it has been discarded on the bed, takes a swig and deposits it back where it had lain in the crook of rumpled duvet covers.

Pulling on fresh clothes, not pungent or dirty with stains from his night sweats, Will dons some shoes and a jacket, tucking the cigarette box in the breast pocket safely. Hand resting on the doorknob, he lingers for a moment, then opens the door.

Eyes adjusting to the bright light, Will stands there, in the doorway, door still clutched in his hand. When the light isn't as blinding, he realizes he stood there for too long – the door of the black SUV parked on the pavement opens, and the agent steps out. It's a man Will hasn't seen before, with beady blue eyes and a split lip.

The agent walks slowly, with measured steps up the short path to the house, stopping a few paces away from the door. He's taller than Will, even though Will is standing above him. Although agents use scent blockers, this man is undoubtedly Alpha, and there seems to be cold curiosity in those pale eyes. Will doesn't let himself look too closely.

He seems to be waiting for Will to speak first, eyes staring hard into Will's, as if he could force eye contact. Will stares at the second button on his shirt. He doesn't talk first.

"I've been informed you're under house arrest." The man speaks quietly with a lisp. He doesn't say anything else.

"Yes." Will answers back.

"Then you can't leave." The agent stands there, waiting for Will to move. When he doesn't, the man begins to walk forwards, moving into Will's space to push him back. Will growls but relents, going back into the house.

Footsteps follow him into the house, uninvited. Rude.

Will turns, holds the man's stare. Tries not to look too deep into the frozen lake there. "I need to go to the shop. To get groceries," he says, slowly, letting the vowels roll off his tongue.

The man's eyes squint. He takes too long to reply, examining each of his words carefully.

"You're under house arrest," he repeats.

"I'm restless," Will is almost tempted to edge in a pleading tone to his voice, but doesn't.

The man cocks his head, and there's something almost lizard-like in the way he does it. "There is a garden."

Will growls, eyes flashing. "Fine. But, tell me… *Francis*," he grits out when the man speaks his own name. Agents weren't supposed to tell their charges their name – stops it from getting too personal. "Have you ever been locked in one room, kept up and confined – like an animal – when you should be free, going where you wish, doing what you and only you want. Only to find you *can't*."

He doesn't know if he's talking for himself, or for Hannibal too.

Francis just keeps steadily looking at Will, no acknowledgement in his eyes. It just makes Will more furious.

The agent opens his mouth as if to answer back then shuts it, eyes drifting towards the television over Will's shoulder.

"…the couple was found dead this morning by their neighbour. Details on how the Marlow family were killed have not been disclosed, but we are aware of the FBI having been called in to investigate." The news presenter speaks with an even, emotionless voice. The screen shows a photo of the couple still alive, happy and smiling, before cutting to the taped exterior of their house, forensics vans parked outside.

Will catches it out of the corner of his eye, his face staying slack and bored. A murder – nothing shocking to him.

But the agent's eyes are on him, and they are curious, calculating.

"Killed after the full moon, with their pet being indisposed at the vets that night," Francis says, slowly, staring into Will's avoiding eyes. "Security alarm went off the same evening, but was recorded as a false alarm." He speaks with precision, shaping every word as well as he can with his split lip, as if afraid he was to slip on his words.

Will's eyes flick to above Francis' shoulder, then away again. He looks down at his hands.

"How they died means nothing to me."

The dark floorboards creak under Francis' feet as he moves to block the door. To keep Will in or stop people looking in, Will isn't too sure. He's wishing he brought a whisky bottle within an arm's reach – a few seconds delay to smash the glass, but an effective weapon. From first glances, this man has the thinly veiled sliminess of a shifty killer.

"Surely," the agent hisses, "there is some part of you, that is *curious* to know the… intricate details of their deaths?"

Scrunching his eyes shut, Will lifts a hand to rub at his temples. It's beginning to shake. *Shit*. "I don't do that anymore. I'm stuck in here, locked away. I'm not *doing* that anymore."

The sound of popping joints, or bone rolling over bone makes its way over to Will. It stirs up a memory from the depths of his brain, of SWAT agents and a spray of blood. His eyes travel

up, half expecting to see a man with hunger in his eyes and blood staining his teeth. The agent is there instead, keen, beady eyes hooked on Will's cowering form.

He is unnerving. Thankfully Will is used to Hannibal, a man far worse than this one.

Humming quietly, Francis speaks again, odd curiosity in the raspy layers of his voice. "And if you were out of here?"

Sighing, Will relaxes his shoulders a little, gaze drilling into the old coffee table again. It's a moment before he speaks. "If it guaranteed my freedom, I would do it again," he whispers, unsettled by the resignation in his own voice. He has not spoken aloud often enough recently to become accustomed to the sadness there.

He can almost hear a grin in the air between them. Prowling over to tower above Will, the man speaks; "what if I knew a way to get you out?" His voice is a quiet whisper, as if he was sharing a secret between friends. Though they are far from that, Will thinks.

But that makes Will hold eye contact with him, ignoring their lizard-like appearance to look for honesty in that one sentence.

And listening to the nearing sound of clopping hooves, he sees it.

"What do you want me to do?"

*

One month later.

He wakes to the loud sound of a knocking fist against hard wood, reverberating through the still house. It's done in a way that shows the knocker isn't used to be kept waiting. And Will knows only one person like that.

Pulling himself up from the armchair he's taken to sleeping in, Will pulls on a dressing robe worn thin with use to hide the sweat seeping through his shirt, and makes his way to the door.

Jack Crawford looks grim, eyes dark with the crimes he sees, working in the BSU. The corners of his mouth only turn upwards slightly in a small greeting. He moves his bulky body through the door when Will reluctantly opens it wider for him, and scans the room, face blank.

With his rough manner he waves Francis away from his post by the door and exits quietly. The agent's eyes flicker over to Will as he closes the door roughly behind him.

Jack sits opposite the chair Will claimed as his, lowering himself into it with a sigh. He keeps his hands in his coat pockets, but watches Will's face intently.

“How’ve you been, Will?” Surely he knows the answer, but asks out of politeness.

Will wanders over to stand behind his chair, preferring to stand and crosses his arms – trying to defend himself without his words. Defending himself from the barbs that are sure to come out of Jack’s mouth at any moment. He breathes in deeply, his voice slipping out on the whisper of a sigh. “I’m still alive, aren’t I?”

Clearly not the answer Jack wanted, the man glowers at Will, a steely hardness creeping into his eyes.

He waits before he speaks next, sighing loudly through his nostrils. His eyes watch Will, calculating, analysing. Inspecting his favourite china, skimming over cracks and chips that make it unfit for use.

“Will.”

The heavy silence stretches on as Jack seems to mull over his words. Or maybe he’s enjoying watching the prolonging silence affect Will; watching his eyes flit faster, the sweat beginning to bead on his brow.

“I want you back on the field.”

In some way Will has never been gladder to hear those words than he is now. It’s a chance to be out of this house, away from the prying eyes of the agents posted nearby, flocked around Will as they wait for him to stumble and make a wrong move. It will give him an opportunity to run and make an escape, to track Hannibal down and free him.

It also gives his nightmares a way to haunt his every living moment – both in sleep and while he’s awake. It will create a flaw in the walls of his last fort, allow the stag to breathe down his back and antlers to grow twisted and tangled within the confines of his head.

Will sighs, looks away to where the wall meets ceiling, as if he was thinking.

Did he really have a choice?

*

The house is quieter than the other crime scenes usually are, with the forensics teams and other FBI personnel gone. Jack pulls up in front of the garage, getting out and walking around to the passenger side. He pulls Will out, gives a tug on the cuffs of his own wrists with a knowing look.

A standard black SUV parks next to them; two of Will’s house arrest agents climbing out too. A woman clutching a Taser with two thigh holsters is accompanied by Francis, who has a blank, faraway look in his eye as he follows them into the house, hand resting on his gun.

Jack leads the way into the house, letting Will walk in front as they go onto the second floor.

He goes slowly, eyes roaming the corridor, taking in the smashed mirrors, the blood stained wall and floors. The bodies of the family are there, clear in his mind; the sons' bodies are blood soaked and broken, terror etched into their faces. Their father lies on the floor outside their room, his blood coating the walls and seeping into the plaster. The mother is dead, the blood from her neck pooling onto the bedsheets around her.

He comes to a standstill in the bedroom, feet on a rare island of unstained floor. He catches sight of Francis' distorted, cracked reflection in a shattered mirror. His fragmented eyes stare back at Will and a killer's eyes echoed back.

Will holds his hand out for the case file, Jack obliging without a word. He's just happy he got his best profiler back, even if it's dangerous territory.

Flipping through the papers, Will scans the jumbled mess of words, each examining the crime scene in detail. He glances over the picture of the smiling, happy Leeds family and their dog, before burying it in the stack of paper. He reads detailed reports of mirrors and knives, of blood and death until his breathing quickens, his hands shake and the sound of breaking glass and shattering teacups bounces within his head.

He takes a deep breath, evening them out. Will's eyes flutter shut and his heart rate calms, takes him away from the pressing stares and red stained carpet.

The pendulum swings. Once, twice, until Jack and the two agents are no longer in the room with him, until there's no evidence clogging the crime scene and no lingering presence of removed corpses. It swings again as he takes himself back through the house and renders it clean on his way out. The pendulum stops swinging.

He opens his eyes. The eyes of a different hunter lusting after blood. Breaking into the house is easy, the darkness shrouding his movements. Swiftly, he heads upstairs to where he knows the family are, noting each mirror as he passes. There is no dog to warn of the intruder, he already took care of that.

Striding into the bedroom at the end of the corridor, he enters, knife out and approaching his first victims, shock and confusion written across their faces as they stare at the shadow in front of them.

I cut Mr Leeds's throat as he lies asleep beside his wife. Gurgles and squeals fill the room as the man goes down. Will spins, flicking on the light to let his victims see their killer. Gun out, he levels it at the wife. *I shoot Mrs Leeds. The bullet enters to the right of her naval and lodges in her lumbar spine.*

She falls on the bed, whimpering loudly. The husband, blood spurting from his neck attempts to get up, eyes dark with fear. *Mr Leeds rises, his throat cut, to protect the children.* There is a sliver of astonishment in his own voice, his surprise at this human pushing its way into his voice. But the man is weak, and he is amused. He pushes the man back to the ground, delaying him.

The wife inches towards him on the bed, clutching at the sheets as her eyes droop, life draining from her fast. A litany of whispered pleases make their way from her mouth, as she reaches towards him with bloodstained hands in an attempt to ask for an act of mercy before her approaching death.

He ignores her, leaving the room to go into the adjacent one. The boys' room.

I shoot one of the two boys in bed, he does, the sleeping figure killed immediately in his slumber. *The other boy I pull out from under his bed, and shoot him on the floor.* They die quickly, and he makes sure. It is his form of mercy.

Mr Leeds has gotten up again, blood spraying from his neck still, as Will sees him come out of his bedroom. *Losing gobs of blood, Mr Leeds falls and dies outside his sons' room.*

He raises his head, emptying his mind of bloodlust.

The smashing of mirrors begin.

The one to the right of him suffers the wrath of his fist, another the force of his elbow. The chimes of breaking glass fills his head, as he transforms the mirrors into shattered knife-edges of glass, looking proudly upon his broken reflection in each fragment. The noise of the breaking mirrors merge into the sound of smashing teacups, Will's glimpse of reality breaking with it.

With gloved fingers he reaches down to pluck the shards from the jigsaw of glass. A bulky force knocks into him as he does so, sending him sprawling onto the floor. The scene of the smashed mirrors - the work of the pendulum comes undone in ravels around him.

He opens his eyes to fresh, blood-stained floor centimetres from his nose. Will pulls himself up into a crouch, wide eyes taking in the fight in front of him.

During the time Will was inside his own head, Jack and Francis had begun to fight. They do so now, Francis with a hungry look in his eyes and Jack fighting back out of pure instinct to preserve his life.

The other agent lies dead further down the hallway.

There is blood streaming in rivers from Jack's nose, and again from a cut on the side of his brow. The whites of his eyes are visible, bloodshot and terrified. He fights with bulky, flailing limbs, the adrenalin making his movements rash and sloppy.

Francis, on the other hand, looks in his element. He's sneering, his cold eyes wild, and no wounds visible on his body. He fights with precise, practised movements, wearing Jack out by avoiding his blows and dealing harsh ones of his own.

They grapple, Jack being pushed into a wall and grabbing a shard of a broken mirror which he swings at Francis, only to have his wrist batted away. Francis lunges, claw-like hands outstretched and teeth bared. Jack cries out Will's name in a desperate plea just before the other man knocks the air from his body and pushes him violently to the floor.

Will doesn't look at him. With guilt heavy in his stomach, he runs, fleeing the house and climbing into the driving seat of Jack's car. He wires it quickly, with shaking hands and sweat beginning to drip down his forehead.

The car starts, and he drives from the scene, clammy hands gripping the steering wheel tightly. He keeps the accelerator close to the floor, speeding his way through small roads. Will turns onto the highway, barely flicking the blinker on and earning himself a blaring horn because of it. He keeps in the fast lane after that.

Jack's desperate cries ring loudly in his ears, scenes of the grapple shrouding his vision. He turns the radio on full and squints his eyes, blocking the image of the fight that would decide whether Jack lived and drowning out the noise of the screaming. Guilt gnaws in the pit of his stomach, eating Will from within. He speeds up in a desperate attempt to outrun it.

He drives south, past DC and switching between highways. He drives for hours, night having settled when a low gas tank forces him off the road. He drives into a small town with bunting hung up through the high street, and small houses squished together. His hands shake as he pulls up in front of an old barn and turns off the ignition. Rummaging for any supplies in Jack's car he finds a wad of bills and stuffs them hurriedly in his jacket pocket. He doesn't have any other money with him.

Dumping the car, he enters a small corner shop, picking up some long lasting food, high energy bags of fruit and nut mix, and a six-pack of water bottles. He takes them to the counter, avoiding the cashier's eyes but attempting to be polite and flashes a strained smile that probably comes out as more of baring teeth.

There's a television on the wall behind her, playing the news channel. It runs through the Leeds's murder, including the elusive details of it.

Will's palms begin to get sweaty as he expects an included murder on Jack to appear on the screen, his face with it. It has been hours after all.

It doesn't.

The woman packs his food into two brown paper bags, handing them to Will with a smile.

Will nods his thanks, scurrying through the town till he comes across a car park, choosing a muddy four wheel drive to wire next. The tank is full, and he breathes a sigh of relief. He drives out of the town and through smaller roads, still going south.

He switches the radio on, flicking between channels, grimacing at each one. His fingers linger on the buttons when a classical station is found, and lets the melodies of the instruments coax the tension from his shoulders. Abandoning his preference for the rock'n'roll stations, he lets the classical symphonies fill the car. He pushes away the pain of Hannibal's absence away, instead feeling closer to the man in chains through his favourite music.

He drives until the sun begins to crest the horizon, stopping not far from the South Carolina border, and pulls up to a cheap motel. It's to avoid any passing cop cars that may be looking

for him or his stolen vehicle.

Living an opulent lifestyle with Hannibal in Florence had made Will despise motels, and even that cheap FBI house. Covered in grease and grime, they were far different than the rich furnishings and luxury of their time together in Florence that feels so long ago.

The guy at the motel desk is nice enough, giving Will the keys to a ground floor room while huffing through a cigarette, peering at him from beneath his eyebrows.

Taking the keys, Will exits the stuffy reception quickly, moving the car to outside his room where he can keep an eye out for it, and keeping it close by if he needs to flee from the motel in the morning.

The room is dark and musty, with holes in the curtains and stains on the bedsheets – the kind of cheap motel room you see in soaps. The whole place has the look of needing to be bleached and hosed down. A brown armchair in the corner looks slightly less grimy than the other scarce furniture, so Will pulls it next to the mouldy window and slumps down, rubbing his tired eyes.

Sleep doesn't come. But eventually he slips into a doze sometime later, through a haze of images of the ravenstag, of Jack's pleading eyes, of Francis' savage grin.

He wakes with cold sweat coating his body, and the phantom figure of a grinning wendigo lingering in the shadows.

At four a.m. he gathers his few items back into the car and leaves.

Days go by like this. Drive. Pick up food or take a leak. Drive some more. Maybe find another car. Maybe fill up the tank with spare change. Keep driving. Find a cheap motel or pullover on the road to nap in.

Maybe weeks go by, Will isn't sure anymore.

He is sure that he doesn't hear any more news on what happened to Jack or Francis though. Or Hannibal.

It's rare to hear of Hannibal from somewhere other than his thoughts now. Will stops listening when there's a news report on television or brief documentary on him. The odd magazine with his face plastered to the front will make an appearance, but Will stays away from those. He'd seen a book by some psychiatrist that was cover-to-cover with information about Hannibal, his life, and whatever disorders he has. He wanted to put the book back but his hands had lingered on the cover, his fingers trailing over the details of his face.

The appearances lead to painful sightings of the ravenstag or glimpses of the wendigo that leave a heavy weight in his chest. A wrenching pain in his heart and a mind going mad from his absence.

When Will finally decides to find a place to stay put and lay low for a while, its listening to Hannibal's favourite classical music on the radio and a slowly fading mating scar high on his

neck.

The place he chooses is high in the mountains – somewhere up north, Canada he thinks, where they speak French similar to that of where he grew up. There's pine trees everywhere you look, and sparkling rivers snaking through valleys and down rolling hills. A stark contrast to Florence.

The rivers and lakes are full of trout and graylings, pikes and sturgeons. Buying a fishing rod in a little hunting town, Will goes to where the fish are most plentiful in a little pickup he bought, and spends his time fishing. Though he always returns to a cosy log cabin with a cosy wood burner, and an inviting place next to the couch for a dog of sorts.

He basks in the quiet tranquillity of only birdsong and rainfall, where it's hard for his nightmares to reach him. When they do come, he sits at his desk with candlelight and makes new flies, or sits on his porch and stares into the darkness waiting for dawn.

The events of his days become repetition, become a schedule. It's comfortable, and he doesn't realize how long he's been used to it until he develops a fever one day, realizes it's his heat.

Being a mated omega and going through the heat without an alpha hurts. Hurts so much more than they ever had before, with a gnawing emptiness in his core and an ache clawing away at the confines of his chest. He feels like if that won't eat away at his body until his heart stops beating, then the boiling heat running through his veins will.

When he was under house arrest they gave him suppressants that lasted months. His only heats before that were spent with Hannibal. Even as a young adult he had been on suppressants. It had been years since he'd had a heat by himself.

He howls for his alpha. Screams until his voice is hoarse and he's sure he's attracted every predator to his little cabin with its walls that aren't solid enough.

By the time it's over, he must have lost twenty pounds and there is a new emptiness hollowing out his eyes. Exhaustion hangs over him like a cloud.

He carries on with his routine. Catches enough fish to feed thirty. Sometimes he throws them back in the water, other times he takes them to places he can sell them to get a little money. He used up what he took from Jack long ago.

Sometimes he goes into the nearest town – a forty five minute drive away, where it has only one high street with two or three shops and a pub. He doesn't normally go in there, it's only ever filled with old, greying alphas with bellies pushing over their trousers and a gun at their side, with hungry, prying eyes that linger too long on his neck. He's been in there once - he just pushed his glasses further up his nose, kept his head down.

It's months later – his heat is approaching again, his beard has grown out several times and now it's kept trimmed close to his skin. Will doesn't like looking at his bond mark now, it causes him too much pain. He is just grateful his beard shows enough of it to ward anyone off.

The next time he's in town, he sells some trout at the store, and gets into his pickup to back to the cabin. He doesn't know why instead he shoulders open the pub door and takes a seat at the bar. The bartender comes over – a young girl, probably the daughter of one of the men at the wonky pool table. He gets a whisky. Knocks back two.

He must be onto his third or fourth by now. He's had a couple of beers in between. Doesn't know how he'll get back to the cabin without crashing his truck. Someone takes a seat beside him. He doesn't acknowledge them. Just stares into whatever drink is in front of him.

The bartender comes over, the beginnings of concern starting to crease her face for this out of town fisherman drowning his sorrows at the bar. She asks if he's okay and he asks for another drink.

A voice comes from beside him; feminine and elegant. Too elegant to be in a pub like this in the middle of nowhere. The voice says to the girl, yes, she'll pay. And no, he's with me.

The bartender moseys away and Will chances a glance, groggily looking up at someone slightly blurry but certainly bored. The woman has dark hair pulled back from her face and her dark eyes look Will over. Tiredly, as if she's here on a job.

Leather gloves stick to her sleek hands, which reach out and tease the whisky away from Will's grip. She places it on a beermat away from Will, staring at him as if waiting for a challenge.

"You are Will Graham."

Used to be.

The use of his name confuses him. He hasn't heard it in so long. He squints at the woman from behind his glasses. She holds out her hand from where she's sat beside him, giving Will a chance to shake it.

Will's eyes flit from hers to her hand and away to the bottles behind the counter.

"And you are?"

He's not sure what the secondary sex of this woman is – he's too drunk to tell by now – but Will is convinced he heard a low, warning rumble in her throat; probably an alpha. She puts her hands back into her lap, miffed and angry at his rudeness. He would be too if he cared anymore.

She glares at him, mumbles something under her breath like *I don't know what he sees in you* and stands, purposely pushing her barstool into his and makes it wobble. Shakily, he gets up, angry and ready to confront her only for her to right his swaying form with a firm, steady hand.

Her eyes bore into his, snapping his mouth shut. She speaks softly and quietly, danger hinting at the edges of her voice; "my name is Chiyoh. And I have been sent here, Will, to find you."

*

Chiyoh drives him back to his cabin, easing him into her car by assuring him she'll return for his pickup. He's long since stopped caring what happens to him and falls asleep during the ride to the cabin, wakes up to head inside and heave in the toilet for a while, then follows the calling of his bed.

The sun is high in the sky and approaching its peak when he wakes, a chorus of birdsong in full swing for the bright day. Blue skies stretch on, and the green mountains standing tall in the distance are coated with a new dusting of snow on their crests.

The pickup is out front, parked next to a sleek black estate he only vaguely remembers.

He finds the woman – Chiyoh, he thinks, approaching the cabin with – is that a shotgun? She's wearing slim hiking boots, a chestnut scarf and a long olive overcoat that reaches the tops of her knees.

Catching sight of him, she stops, simply looking at him. Empty, calculating. It's an eerie mirror of his own. Will walks towards her, the icy wind cutting through the woollen coat he's glad he threw on.

Within a few feet of her, he halts.

He doesn't know where to begin. "Chiyoh?" he ventures, "uh… thank you for bringing my truck back." He's wary of her, he doesn't know why she went to all that trouble for him. He doesn't even fully recall their conversation at the bar last night, and the trip back in the car had been silent. He curses himself for letting a stranger drive him home – especially one that already knew his name, he remembers that.

Opening his mouth to say more, she shakes her head, cutting him off. "Do you know who I am, Will?" she asks.

His silence is telling.

She takes a few steps closer, and Will's eyes fall to the shotgun clutched in her leather-gloved hands.

"I was sent here," she pauses, acknowledging she has Will's full attention when his eyes meet hers. "I was sent here by a… *friend* of yours." Will doesn't have friends. He pushes his glasses up his nose. She blinks at him, pauses again. "Hannibal Lecter."

Will's heart skips a beat. His breath hitches in his chest. Suddenly his knees go weak as his heart thunders in his ears.

Hannibal Lecter.

He falls to his knees, his sweatpants he wore to bed now stained with mud. Chiyoh's words reverberate around the chasms of his memory palace, rooms no longer haunted by *his*

presence. It feels like he's been shot, pain flaring up through his chest and along his bones, into every limb. The cells in his body ache with it, scream the name that rolls so perfectly of his tongue, sounds so right from his mouth.

Hannibal Lecter.

He's alive. Will knew that, of course, knows he would have felt it otherwise. But the surge of relief blooming in his chest makes his eyes prick with tears. He holds a fist to his mouth and bites at it in an attempt to rein his emotions into control. Hannibal's alive, and he sent Chiyoh to *find him.*

Hannibal Lecter.

Eventually he stops hyperventilating and grounds himself, clutching at the thin blades of grass growing slowly around him. He falls back onto his haunches and seals a hand over his bond mark. There is a pulse in it, a heat that seems to have been awoken by the tantalizing, seemingly nearness of him now, because of Chiyoh's words.

To her credit, when Will gets back on his feet, Chiyoh's face is still neutral. She's by his side and probably ready to perform CPR should Will keel over – by now she's probably realized that Will might be just as much of a drama queen than Hannibal. Might.

Without a word, she starts walking, beckoning fro Will to follow her and leads him into the cabin.

She deposits Will on the small couch and busies herself in some other way. Will thinks he can hear a kettle being boiled. He's not sure. The pain and his fuzzy vision have cleared up, although his head is still ringing. He pulls Hannibal's cigarettes from his coat pocket and clasps the box tightly in his hands.

By the time Chiyoh takes a seat on the stool beside the dormant wood burner, she's made them both mugs of coffee – black, bitter, and steaming. She leans as far back as she can but still somehow seems poised and elegant. Her eyes observe Will, watching him squirm and waits for him to start talking.

Where to start?

His mouth is dry, but Will forces his words out; "Hannibal…" his name fits perfectly on his tongue, despite the disuse it's had. He swallows the lump in his throat. "…is still in prison?"

Chiyoh tilts her head, maybe surprised at Will's short question. She'll have to forgive him; he's still in shock. She nods. "He has… methods of contacting me. He is my employer, and I do whatever he asks of me. In return, I ask for little more than a supplied residence and his friendship." Her employer and friend. Hannibal trusts her then.

Will feels his shoulders relax, a weight lifting off his chest. "So… what. He sent you here? To find me?"

"Yes."

Short answers, and straight to the point. Blunt, too. Will is beginning to like her.

But his forehead creases, eyebrows drawing together.

“How did you find me?” he almost whispers.

Chiyoh re-crosses her legs, cradles the mug in her hands. She pauses, mulling over her answer. “You left a trail of stolen cars that were later abandoned, of mysterious motel bookings.” She smiles. “A trail of breadcrumbs – and, Hannibal told me you like to fish.”

Will smiles tentatively at that, shakes his head, dumbfounded. Of course he would have already planned for an emergency like their separation.

He must have let the silence stretch on for too long, because Chiyoh takes a sip from her coffee and clears her throat. “Will?” she asks, gently. He looks up, focussing on the bridge of her nose.

She leans forward, and whispers into the air between them.

“I need your help, Will. It’s about Hannibal.”

He nods without hesitation, clutches at Hannibal’s cigarettes in his coat pocket. “Yes,” he gasps, pleads. “Yes, anything.”

“Good. I can free him, with your help.”

End Notes

I've been wanting to write this for ages, just haven't got round to it. It's been really fun to write though, so I really hope you like it...

Let me know what you think!!

Updated as soon as I can write these things

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!